

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

S E P T E M B E R , 1 8 4 4 .

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
 " " " " Trial Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
DAYTON, Ohio - - Montgomery Course, J. C. F. M., 4th Monday, 23d Sept.
FORT GIBSON, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 2d Friday, 8th Oct.
HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sep.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - Central Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, in all October.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
NATCHITOCHES, La Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Nov.
 " " " " Bob-tail Stakes, 20th Oct.
NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
 " " " " Beacon Course, Racing Sweepstakes, 4 and 2m. h. 1st and 2d Oct.
 " " " " " " Hurdle Race, last Monday, 30th Sept.
 " " " " " " Foot Race for \$1000, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
 " " " " Centreville Course, L. I., Trotting Match vs. Time, for \$1000,
 20 Miles in 1 hour, free for trotters and pacers, Monday, 23d Sept.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th Dec.
 " " " " " " Great Four mile Stake, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
 " " " " Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
NIAGARA, U. C. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
OAKLEY, Miss. - - Hinds Co., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 4th Nov.
PHILADELPHIA - - Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
PORT HUDSON, La. Fashion Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan.
TORONTO, U. C. - - Steeple Chase, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.

ORLANDO, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1844.

"I come but in, as others do, to try with him *the strength of my youth*."
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SUCH of our readers who are in the habit of reading ancient history, the Racing Calendar, and other entertaining and useful works of that kind, have no doubt a tolerably clear recollection of two gentlemen, the mainstay of whose celebrity was delay, whose motto was or is *festina lente*, and whose names we may add, for the information of all who have not Goldsmith and Weatherby at their fingers-ends, are Fabius Maximus, surnamed Cunctator, and Samuel Chifney, surnamed Old Screw. Now, in this mile-a-minute age of steam, aerial, and such like infernal machines, one would naturally suppose that this brace of heroes would have gone right out of fashion, but, so far from this being the case, we pride ourselves no little on having taken a leaf out of their book within this last three months. Only just fancy that we, instead of biding our time, and watching every move of the enemy, had taken every word those Jews and Gentiles had sworn to as gospel, and given the horse *called* Running Rein as the winner of the Derby. Only fancy the pertinent remarks we should have made about "gold tried in the fire; upright conduct; justice no respecter of persons; how glad we were to see an humble individual like Mr. Badger Wood carrying off the great stake," and a vast deal more hyperbolical humbug of this sort: and *then* only fancy the "fix" we should have been in at this moment to work ourselves right again. If any of our friends cannot sympathise with us on this occasion—if they cannot echo the good judgment we have displayed in backing out of this hobble, still we are sure there is not one who will hesitate to join in with three cheers for the "good cause" (as they say at the political spreads). Hurrah for the Colonel! hurrah for justice! hurrah for Lord George! and one more—one cheer more—hurrah for *the gentlemen*!

Having devoted a separate paper in the present number to the consideration of the late Derby, and the rascally proceedings connected therewith, we neither see the necessity nor feel the inclination for renewing it here, and gladly confine ourselves to our immediate and far more agreeable subject. In our remarks on the state of the odds for April last, we thus spoke of the veritable Simon Pure, the real winner of the Derby, and no mistake:—

"While Orlando, the ostensible, and certainly (from the past) deservedly second hope of the Newmarket men, still keeps his own, if not on the improvement. The Colonel, as the Hedgford lads say, is generally "nigh handy;" but this hitherto has been all. We know of no color more worthy in every respect of the Epsom honors than the purple and orange, and none that we think would be hailed with more pleasure as number one."

So said this magazine three months since, for every word of which the writer is prepared to stand by now, and heaven bless us, we only wish all our turf oracles could do the same. We thought Orlando coming out two or three times a week, and winning all his races in a canter, ought to find favor in the eyes of some ; but, confound our stupidity ! there was as many capital reasons *against* him for winning by as many lengths as he chose in a canter, as there were *for* The Ugly Buck, after winning by a short head with the greatest difficulty. It was a canter certainly, but then "one of the ugliest canters ever seen ;" or "though it was all very well at Newmarket, his long stride will never do for Epsom, and Colonel Peel's lot shall be no winners for me." There, Craven and Uncle Toby, Olympic sages, how say you—how plead you to this ? Got by Touchstone, ridden by Nat, trained by Cooper, winning everything, and all backed by Col. Peel. With this before our eyes, and the legs offering thirty to one against him, why it is absolutely coining money ! And how is it that we are not this moment making a start for Glen-something, with Irish setters, Scotch keepers, a French cook, and a Swiss valet, ready to fly at our very nod ? How is it ? But we need not to repeat the question, after hearing those withering, knock-down opinions, given and founded on *common canters and long strides* ! By all the laws of common sense and common justice, we think we are entitled to compensation.

PEDIGREE.

Orlando, a bay colt, was bred by Colonel Peel in 1841, and is by Touchstone, out of Vulture by Langar, her dam Kite by Bustard (son of Castrel), out of Olympia by sir Oliver, Scotilla by Anvil.

We have occasionally alluded to the influence John Scott has over the great events, but we really think that it is just on the cards that an old friend of his may yet take the shine out of him—not his namesake "honest John," but his pupil, honest Touchstone, whose progeny have regularly claimed one of the three crack stakes since 1842, when his first three-year-old appeared ; and in that very year did not Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet by Touchstone win the Doncaster St. Leger ; in 1843, Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone by Touchstone, the Epsom Derby ; and in '44, Colonel Peel's Orlando by Touchstone, the same race ? You have got Priam, we know, brother Jonathan ; but you have *not* got Touchstone, so we'll neither cry nor fight about that ; but we'll tell you what we *will* do—we'll show you a son of Touchstone that shall give your best son of Priam a year, a stone, and a licking, over any track you like from two miles to twenty, and for any sum you like from five hundred to five thousand !

Vulture, the dam of Orlando, was bred by Mr. Allanson, in 1833, in whose colours she appeared for the first two seasons of her career on the turf, and with very great success, winning every thing she started for, but the St. Leger and a two year old stake ; in 1837 she became the property of Colonel Peel, who matched her against Grey Momus for a thousand, one of the heaviest betting

matches of late years, and in which we need scarcely add, the mare proved the better horse. She was put to the stud in 1839, and produced in '40 a chesnut colt, by Slane, whose performances hitherto have been no ways astonishing; in '41, as we have already shown, she dropped the winner of the Derby, with whose history we at once proceed.

SUMMARY OF ORLANDO'S PERFORMANCES.

In 1843 he started five times, and won four :—

	£
The July Stakes, value clear	580
Match at Newmarket.....	250
The July Stakes.....	2600
Stake at Goodwood	125

In 1844 he started five times, and won five :—

The Tuesday's Riddlesworth	1400
Stake at Newmarket.....	300
Stake at Newmarket.....	250
The Derby.....	4250
The Dinner Produce	850

Total..... £10,555

Orlando is not in the St. Leger ; indeed, he has not any engagement at all on the list at present : and having thus furnished the full particulars, we take our leave of him, repeating that we have hailed none with greater pleasure, and know no colours more worthy of the Epsom honors, than the purple and orange of his gallant owner.

London Sportsman for August, 1844.

THE LATE DERBY.

IN an action brought by Colonel Peel against Messrs. Weatherby, the holders of the Derby Stakes, in the Court of Exchequer, the defendants obtained an Interpleader Rule, and it was finally ordered by the Court that the money should be paid into Court : that Mr. Wood, the owner of Running Rein, which came in first in the race, should be plaintiff in the action : and Colonel Peel, the owner of Orlando, the second horse, defendant ; and the issue directed to be tried was, " whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was The Saddler, and dam Mab."

The cause was tried at Westminster on Monday the 1st of July, before Mr. Baron Alderson and a Special Jury. The plaintiff's case, the speech of the defendant's counsel, and the examination of a portion of his witnesses, lasted till seven o'clock, when the

court rose. The second day's proceedings terminated soon after 11 A. M.—The result of the case is so universally known that it is only necessary to give a brief statement, merely as a record of one of the most atrocious frauds that ever occurred in the annals of the Turf.

The plaintiff's case was, that the horse Running Rein, which came in first for the Derby, was bred by Mr. C. R. Cobb, of Malton, Yorkshire, foaled in 1841, got by The Saddler out of Mab by Duncan Grey: that the colt was purchased for Mr. Abraham Levi Goodman in November 1841—brought to London by railroad in January 1842—sent to Mr. Goodman's stables in Foley Place—thence to Pearl's stables in Milton Street, Dorset Square—thence at the end of January 1842 to Mr. Bean's paddocks at Finchley—*thence on the 24th September 1842 to Hayne's stables in Langham Place*—thence on the 27th of the same month to Smith's, Mr. Goodman's trainer, at Epsom—and thence in February 1843 to Mr. Goodman's stables at Sutton, from which place he went to Newmarket to run in the Second October Meeting: that he returned to Smith's stables at the end of November 1843, as the property of Mr. A. Wood, of Epsom, the plaintiff in this action.

The defendant's case was, that Running Rein, the colt which came in first for the Derby, was a bay colt by Gladiator (Maccabeus), dam by Capsicum, bred by Sir C. Ibbotson in 1840—purchased by Mr. Goodman at Doncaster Races 1841—sent thence to Northampton—thence to the paddock of Mr. Worley at Siwell near that town, where he was very frequently seen both by Mr. Worley and by Mr. Odell, and where he remained till after Christmas 1841; that he continued at Northampton or in the neighborhood till the 21st of September 1842, when he was led to London, stopping the first night at Woburn, the second at St. Alban's, the third at Barnet; and that it was this Gladiator colt, and not The Saddler colt, which was *delivered at Hayne's stables in Langham Place on the 24th of September 1842*. This was the important part of the case, because the identity of the colt which went from Hayne's stables to Smith's at Epsom to be trained, and the horse which came in first for the Derby, was not disputed.

It was stated by the defendant's counsel that he had witnesses to prove that The Saddler colt remained at Bean's till February 1843, but before the evidence was brought down to this part of the case, the trial terminated.

In the week preceding the trial, the Judge gave an order for the horse to be shown to certain veterinary surgeons and others to obtain an opinion as to his age, and to identify him as the horse which ran for the Derby, but this order was not complied with on the part of the plaintiff.

On the first day of the trial, the Judge again intimated that he should expect the horse to be produced.

"I regret, my Lord," says the plaintiff's counsel, "that this circumstance has made so great an impression on your Lordship's mind; but if you will only"—

Mr. Baron Alderson: I tell you what makes an impression on

my mind, and a very great one ; that is, your anxiety to conceal the horse.

Mr. James : But, my Lord—

Mr. Baron Alderson : Produce your horse—that's the best answer to the whole question. Is it sufficient to hear the surgeon's deposition as to the appearance of a dead body ? and shall the Jury be told they are not to see that body ?

At the commencement of the second days proceedings, the plaintiff's counsel stated that Mr. Wood concurred with his legal advisers in the propriety of producing the horse after the observations made by the Learned Judge on the preceding day, but that *it was quite out of his power to do so*, as the horse had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found.

Mr. Baron Alderson : If Mr. Goodman, or any of that sort of people, have taken away that horse, for the purpose of concealing it, against Mr. Wood's will (which I suppose), I have no doubt it is a case of horse-stealing, and a case for the Central Criminal Court ; and I can only say, if I try them, I will transport them for life to a dead certainty.

After this, Mr. Worley and Mr. Odell were examined, and spoke positively to the identity of the horse which had been in the paddock of the former and the horse which they saw run for the Derby.

The plaintiff's counsel then rose and said, that his client, Mr. Wood, had become satisfied that some fraud had been practised on him with reference to the horse, and that he was therefore determined to withdraw from the inquiry.

Mr. Baron Alderson then said, there was nothing in the evidence to show that the plaintiff had had any part in the fraud—he bought the horse with his engagements : then addressing the Jury, His Lordship said, “ Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have only to return a verdict for the defendant, the plaintiff, as you have heard, declining to contest the question any further. There is, therefore, an end of the case ; but before we part I must be allowed to say that it has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown Noblemen and Gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank and infinitely below them in society. In so doing, they have found themselves cheated and made the dupes of the grossest frauds. They may depend upon it that it will always be so when Gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards.”—VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.

By this verdict, the backers of Orlando are entitled to receive, and those who backed Running Rein to pay. The funds which have been locked up in the Derby “ Sweeps ” will be distributed—those holding Orlando, as the legitimate “ first horse,” receiving the first prize, Ionian the second, and Bay Momus the third ; and the *real* Running Rein not having started must be treated as a “ dead-un,” the actual fate of his unfortunate representative.

On the evening after the trial, at a meeting of Gentlemen connected with the Turf, a resolution was passed to present to Lord George Bentinck a piece of plate, in token of the high sense en-

tertained of his indefatigable and successful exertions, not only in this case, but for the services which he has rendered in promoting the stability and prosperity of racing in general. Three hundred pounds were contributed in a few minutes, in sums of £25 each; and subscriptions were ordered to be received by Messrs. Weatherby, in Old Burlington Street, till a Committee be formed.—The subscriptions already amount to upwards of £1500.

Mr. A. Wood, the plaintiff in the action, is neither related to nor connected with the plaintiff in the action "Wood v. Ledbitter," recently tried, for having been turned out of the Doncaster Stand. He is a corn chandler and coal merchant at Epsom, where he has resided and carried on business for nearly twenty years.

On the Thursday after the trial (July 4), the following communication, received by Messrs. Tattersal from the Stewards of the Jockey Club, was posted at the entrance of the Subscription Room:—

"The opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club having been asked as to the day on which the Epsom account ought to be settled, they recommend that Monday, the 8th inst., should be fixed for that purpose, and that notice should be given at Tattersall's accordingly.

(Signed)

"GEORGE BYNG.

"STRADBROKE.

"EXETER."

At a General Meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Mr. Weatherby's, Old Burlington Street, on Saturday, July the 6th, present—

STEWARDS—Hon. G. S. Byng and the Marquis of Exeter.

Duke of Beaufort.	Marquis of Normanby.	J. V. Shelley, Esq.
Lord George Bentinck.	Lord W. Powlett.	Lord Stanley.
J. Bowes, Esq.	George Payne, Esq.	J. Stanley, Esq.
Earl of Chesterfield.	Colonel Peel.	W. Sloane Stanley, Esq.
T. Houldsworth, Esq.	W. R. Phillimore, Esq.	Sir W. W. Wynn.
Viscount Maidstone.	Earl of Rosslyn.	J. R. Udny, Esq.
J. Mills, Esq.	Hon. Capt. Rous.	

It was resolved,

"That it being now proved that Running Rein was three years old when he ran for the Two-year-old Plate at Newmarket, Crenoline must be considered the winner of that race, and that the Duke of Rutland is entitled to the Plate.

"That the thanks of the Jockey Club are eminently due and are hereby offered to Lord George Bentinck for the energy, perseverance, and skill which he has displayed in detecting, exposing, and defeating the atrocious frauds which have been brought to light during the recent trial respecting the Derby Stakes."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 463.

WATERING HORSES WHILE IN TRAINING.

THE precaution to be generally observed in the watering of horses in training is, principally, to regulate properly the quantity of water they are to take at different intervals, which must be arranged by the groom, according to what he may be going to do with the horses.

We will first notice the watering of the light flighty horses. As these drink so very sparingly, they may at all times, unless immediately before they are coming out to run, not only be allowed to take what quantity of water they like, but they should by attention, patience, and kindness, be encouraged to drink when they come up to the troughs. If they are not inclined to drink the whole of their water at one time, they should be allowed to sip it, until they are quite satisfied. Their heads are not to be pulled up so long as they are disposed to drink, with a view of making them take half their water at a time, as is necessary to do with some other horses that we shall presently have to water. Any of the light horses that may not drink at the troughs should be offered water in the stables, when they are round in their stalls having their heads dressed; if they will not take it at this time, try them again immediately before they are fed; when, as the stables are less disturbed by the noise of the other horses, they will sometimes drink, and they will feed better afterwards.

As the hearty horses (those in the medium as regards their constitutions) are mostly moderate drinkers, they may be allowed to take their water as they like, unless on the days before sweating, trying, or running. Now, with regard to the watering of the gluttonous craving horses, this is a subject that will require our most particular attention. The reader is to bear in mind that the feeding of all horses in training, and watering of them, is invariably governed by the working: if a horse is over-worked, he will refuse his corn; if he is too much stinted of his water, he will also refuse his corn; and if he is over-fed, he will, of course, refuse his corn. In proportion to the quantity of food that craving horses consume in the course of the twenty-four hours, a greater or less quantity of the different fluids of their bodies will be exhausted in the process of digestion, and which of course produces a greater or less degree of thirst; besides this, these horses are much oftener sweating than any others. Such are the predisposing causes which occasion them to drink large portions of water, at different

intervals, than the lighter horses that feed more sparingly and sweat less frequently.

As some few of the craving horses may be disposed to drink larger quantities of water than is absolutely necessary, either for the digesting of their food, or quenching of their thirst, that the groom may not be led astray in the watering of such horses at the troughs, or perhaps sometimes at ponds, he should in the commencement of training them measure the quantity of water that each may be disposed to drink when they are very thirsty. This is to be done by keeping the above horses for a certain time short of water; as, for example, instead of allowing them to drink almost as they like, let them take in the evening fifteen or twenty go-downs (swallows of water). On the following morning, previous to the groom going out with his horses to exercise, he should speak to the head lad, and tell him that he wants to measure the quantity of water that two horses gluttonously inclined may be disposed to drink. The head lad, therefore, takes care to have a couple of buckets full of water, (with the chill well off), and puts them on the lid of one of the troughs in the yard at about the usual time he knows the horses will be coming to take their water, as when they have walked for a sufficient time to cool after their morning gallop. Now, when the two horses in question come into the yard to take their water out of the buckets, the groom, being by, says to each of the boys that are on the horses, "Mind that each of you be very particular in speaking distinctly in counting out the number of go-downs each of your horses makes in emptying his bucket." Now, with regard to the common size of stable buckets, they are generally made to hold, when full to the brim, three gallons and a half; but they are rarely filled to this extent, as, for the convenience of the boys carrying them, they seldom contain more than three gallons. When, therefore, the number of go-downs a horse makes in emptying a bucket is ascertained by the groom, he may easily regulate the quantity to be taken at the troughs or a pond, by ordering the boys to allow the horses to take such a number of go-downs as is sufficient for them. The measuring of the water of gluttonous horses is highly necessary, for, as horses differ in size, so do most of them differ more or less as to the capacity of their swallows. Some horses, when thirsty, will drink three gallons of water in forty or forty-five go-downs, other horses in fifty, others in sixty. I have known some make eighty go-downs in emptying a bucket of three gallons; and, unless we know pretty nearly the quantity of water that those craving horses take in a certain number of swallows, we cannot by-and-by set them for their sweats, trials, and races, with that degree of nicety it will be requisite we should do.

As the gluttonous horses in training are mostly in strong work, they must occasionally be stinted of their water; yet this must be done judiciously; for, if they are allowed to drink large quantities of water, their bowels will become too much relaxed, and, instead of their being moderately straight and handsome in their carcasses, they will become coarse and large in them. The best criterion

for a training groom to go by is, in the early part of such horses' training, gradually to stint those that are inclined at one time to drink larger portions of water than may be proper for them, by letting them take a few go-downs less, morning and evening, until they begin to get a little off their feed, when the stinting of their water should be discontinued, and they should now be allowed to drink more liberally until they feed as they usually did. The groom is to bear in mind the number of go-downs of water that any horses may have taken less than they would have done at the time were they allowed to take what they chose out of the buckets, in order that, when there is again a necessity for stinting them, he may be better able to ascertain the quantity to be diminished. The groom, by the above arrangement in watering of gluttonous horses, cannot well be led astray in the stinting of them, at a time when he may be going to set them, as when he wishes to send them a good pace in their gallops, on the day before they may have to sweat, or for a certain period of time previous to their coming out to run.

The proper course to be adopted in watering the gluttonous horses, when they go out only once a day, as in spring, in the commencement of their training, is to water them frequently in the course of the day, in the same manner as the delicate flighty horses are watered; only with this difference, that, whatever quantity is to be given the former at one time, the latter are to be made to drink it at twice, by pulling up their heads, and letting them wash their mouths, and then allowing them to take the remainder. By watering those horses in this way, they will become more satisfied with the portion of water that may be allowed them each day, than they would be were they permitted greedily to swallow their different quantities of water at one time, either out of the troughs in the yard, or out of the buckets in the stable.

In summer time, when the horses go out twice a day, those among them that are great drinkers, if the weather is very hot, should be indulged a little, by allowing them to take a few go-downs of water more at each time, merely to prevent them from becoming so thirsty, as to take them off their usual way of feeding.

Now, a groom in ordering his horses to be watered in the evening should be regulated by their different constitutions, and the different sorts of work or exercise he intends them to do; on the following morning, therefore, he is to give his orders accordingly to each of his boys as they are riding their horses up to the troughs to be watered. Speaking to the first boy, who may be on a horse that is a moderate drinker, (one that takes from twenty-five to thirty go-downs of water, morning and evening), he says, "Let your horse take twenty go-downs." To a second boy, "Let your horse take twenty-five go-downs, and let him take it at twice." To a third boy, "Let your horse" (one that if allowed to do so would take from fifty to sixty go-downs of water) "take half his water, and let him take it at twice;" and so on with any other horses, allowing them to take more or less water on all such occasions, ac-

according to the sort of drinkers they are, or the time in the morning as before or after breakfast, that they may be going to perform any particular exertion.

Before I conclude this chapter, I will give a few precautionary hints on the subject of bad water. I have already spoken on the qualities of water, and on such as may be most proper for horses, as also the effects it has on their constitutions when hard, and the remedies to be adopted to soften it, so as to prevent as much as possible any injury arising to the health of race horses from a change of water, as when they are travelling from their home stables to others in a distant neighborhood.

¶ Grooms cannot be too particular in their inquiries as to the quality of water at different inns on the road, or at any of the stables which their horses may have to stand in near to the course it is intended they are to run over. Travelling and change of air will occasionally alter horses for the worse, notwithstanding every attention may be paid to them. But what will still make a much greater change in them is, their having to drink bad water, such as hard pump-water, drawn perhaps from very deep wells. Horses, when in training, being accustomed to drink of the most soft pure water, the effects of bad water will be immediately evident; however well the chill may have been taken off such water, they soon begin to tremble and shake, and their coats are to be seen staring or standing on end; which is to be attributed rather to the effects of bad water on the constitutions of race horses when travelling, than to the change of either air, stables, or food. Such water as may have been found to agree best with horses, and which they may have been accustomed to take in the neighborhood in which they have been trained, is of course the water to be depended on. And under very particular circumstances, as a horse being deeply engaged, or that has been so well tried as to induce the owner to think he might, barring an accident, win the Derby or Leger, water might be sent on from the home stable to the place where the horse may be engaged to run. But this cannot well be done on a general scale, in consequence of the inconvenience and expense that would be incurred.

TEACHING YEARLINGS.

In the last Chapter of my first Volume, I have described the manner in which colts or fillies are to be broken, either as yearlings or two-year-olds, and I have there made my remarks on the early and temporary trials of yearlings made by breeders, for the purpose of ascertaining how to value their different colts and fillies, according to the good or bad qualities each may possess. For the same purpose some noblemen have also been induced to put their yearlings into regular training, that they may ascertain whether it will be worth the expense of keeping them on or not.

It will require eight or twelve months, from the time of the young ones leaving their paddocks, before they can be sufficiently well broken and trained, or what is usually termed "brought out

ripe to post." But the reader is to bear in mind, that of the two periods we have given for the getting of yearlings ready to run, the last is mostly to be preferred, as some colts require much longer time than others. It is further to be remarked, that the training of either yearlings or two year olds will not require twelve months, that is, it will not take so long a time for the regular feeding, working, and watering of them, to bring them into the proper condition to run; but it will require fully that time in teaching them, before they can be said to be thoroughly well capable of doing whatever may afterwards be required of them as race horses, and for the trainer to perfect them in all those little matters, of which we shall make mention as we proceed, and to bring them out, as we have said, fully ripe to post.

Young ones, that come out to run thus early, should be thoroughly well broken, and by the first of November they should be in the training stables, under the care of the training groom: the colts in one stable and the fillies in another; and, by way of example, we will suppose there is a dozen of them to be trained. As yearlings can only run with yearlings, at least in my opinion they ought not, they are to be considered as being in their own class until they are two years old.

Now, by way of putting grooms on their guard, so that mistakes or accidents may not unexpectedly arise, it will be necessary to put those yearlings we are about to train into separate classes, and describe what are the probable habits or propensities, good or bad, of each class.

The first class to notice are those of strong constitutions; these colts are powerfully made: they are short in their backs, wide over their loins, are well arched in the anterior part of the ribs, and have large carcasses; they are termed in the stables "the craving ones, or gluttons." These colts, as they advance in age, become stout horses; they are long comers under high weights, and not being very speedy, they are mostly used as country platters.

The second class are those which have their constitutions in the medium; if they are good ones, they are well arched in their ribs, they are wide over their loins, and rather straight in their carcasses; if they are not too leggy, they can come almost any racing lengths under moderate weights; they have generally good speed, and are pleasant horses to train. They are termed in the stables "the hearty ones."

The third class are those of delicate constitutions: they are, generally speaking, much too lengthy in their constitutional points, as well as in their speedy ones; if they are deep in their girths, they are more or less straight in their ribs, that is, their ribs are sufficiently well arched; they are often long in their backs, narrow over their loins, very straight or light in their carcasses, and are high upon their legs. For want of more space in the former of these essential parts, and less in the latter of them, they are but very middling race horses. It is true they have good speed, but they are almost invariably great jades; the shorter their races

are the better they like them, as they cannot run but short lengths. Newmarket is the most likely place to do any good with them. Their being easily alarmed, either in or out of the stables, makes them unpleasant horses to train; nor, generally speaking, are they of much profit to the owners.

The fourth class I shall suppose to consist of three fillies, which makes up the number, twelve yearlings, I proposed to train. Now, with regard to their physical or constitutional powers, they do not vary from the colts, but, like them, are craving, hearty, and flighty; and upon their structure, the same as with the colts, will depend their different racing properties; and their tempers also are similar. But, as they advance on to mares, they become in training more troublesome and uncertain than horses; this proceeds from their natural propensity to sexual intercourse, which is greater in racing fillies and mares than with other fillies and mares in common use. The former require to be highly fed and warmly clothed; and from their standing in stables of a warm temperature with entire horses, (which was almost invariably the case when I was a boy), their natural propensity more often predominates, and which, as I have before noticed, is the cause of so strong and frequent a desire in them for sexual intercourse; and this, not only as the spring advances, but at various other times in the course of the year; if the weather is hot (to use a common expression) they become very keen a-horsing. During the time they remain in this state, they are more or less debilitated and unhappy for the want of intercourse with the horse. They frequently turn their heads as far round in the stall as they can, looking disconsolate about them. They often refuse their food, or rather they eat but little for the time they continue in season. The groom cannot, therefore, send them along in their work as he could wish. When this happened to mares near the time of their running, they were usually considered to be seven or ten pounds below their proper form. Indeed, however capable they may have been of winning, it has sometimes been found difficult for a jockey to make them do so, in consequence of their being so much disposed to lean or hang to the horse or horses with whom they may be running; and thus occasionally have mares lost races in which they have been engaged. When it is known that mares are thus so repeatedly troublesome in training, the better way is to stint them in the spring; they then go on very well. These are my reasons for recommending fillies to be invariably kept in stables by themselves; nor should mares (as of course their nature is not changed) ever be allowed to run in the company of horses, and certainly not in the company of entire horses; for the less frequent they get to wind entire horses, the less likely they are to become a-horsing. For a similar reason, horses in training should also be kept by themselves, as they will be more quiet and contented, and will be less frequently calling after mares.

I shall now proceed to give directions how these yearlings are to be got ready to go on to the down, (say in the month of October), as by this time the others (the older horses and mares) will

have done their running. The groom, having looked out what clothing and saddles and bridles are necessary, is next to select from among his steadiest and best riding boys those of the lightest weights, and, putting one to take charge of each of the yearlings in question, he orders the whole of them to be dressed; their body clothes and saddles are then put on, as with the other horses. The stables then being locked up, they are all left to stand with their heads up and muzzles on, until the boys have got their breakfasts; when they return with the groom to the stables, the bridles and hoods are then put on to both horses and colts; each boy now mounts in the stable the horse or colt he looks after; and the whole of them are then rode out into the stable-yard: here they are to walk for a short time, till their saddles may get settled to their backs. They then walk on to the downs, followed by the groom on his hack. The old horses, for the present under the care of the head lad, may go to any convenient part of the ground to exercise by themselves, as directed by the groom; but the yearlings must now be under the tuition of the groom himself, so that he may be able to obtain a thorough knowledge of how they are likely to turn out. For, although we are to consider them as being well broken, yet it is likely there are some among them who may, from the necessary indulgence occasionally allowed them, have become hearty, and some others may show some little hereditary vice. A colt or two, becoming unruly from either of those causes, may swerve or bolt out from the string; if he do not break way, he may rear up, spring forward, and then lash out behind; in doing of which he may get the better of a small light boy and throw him. If a colt does this, he will, the first opportunity that offers, (as the boy being off his guard), have recourse to the same sort of thing again, with a view to be master; and if he should become headstrong in this way, no matter how good he may be as to stoutness or speed, he is most likely spoiled for ever as a race horse, or rather there is no dependence to be placed on him when running. A colt being unruly from being too hearty, and a colt being unruly from vice, are two very different things; the former, with proper management, is soon got the better of, and perhaps with changing the boy, as we shall presently shew; but the latter requires the immediate attention of the groom, who will soon find he must change the small light boy for one that is bigger, stronger, and more determined on horseback, and that knows well how to forward a young colt.

The groom should have his eye as much as possible on both boy and colt, so as to give directions to the former, in case he should at any time be inclined to be too severe in correcting the colt for a fault. I have in the first volume, in teaching boys to ride, directed that they are, under various circumstances, to be kind to colts and horses, with a view to preserve their tempers. Yet those orders of kindness are not to be carried to the extreme with any of them, and more particularly towards a colt that may from hereditary vice be resolutely inclined to become decidedly restive. A colt of this sort, as a yearling, may be got the better

of by keeping upon him at all times a good riding boy, who, from being accustomed to ride tricky ones, is mostly on his guard, and soon finds out or feels when a colt of this sort is inclined to be what is called "a little botty." The moment the boy finds the colt is about to begin any of his tricks, he should immediately set to with him as determinedly as possible—by getting resolutely at him, and rousing him, or rather frightening him, by taking suddenly a determined pull at him, and chucking up his head, then quickly shortening the rein on the reverse side to that which the colt is inclined to go, and, if possible, pulling his head round with a certain degree of violent force, chucking up his head again and handling his mouth roughly with the bit, and, if he can with safety to himself, he should send both his heels back with great force against the colt's sides. If the boy finds he is getting the better of the colt, he should take a straight, strong pull at him, and make him stand for a moment, just now using rather loud and rough sort of language to him, then make him go quietly up into his place in the string with the other colts; and here the boy should have a constant eye upon him. I have often found this sort of rough treatment answer far better than striking a colt with an ashen plant. I do not, as I have already observed, approve of fighting with colts or horses, if it can be avoided; yet, it may sometimes be necessary to have recourse to blows as a last resource, to endeavor to get the better of a thick, sulky, ill-disposed colt.

I have given these precautions to the groom and boy, with a view to put them on their guard with a tricky colt on his first appearance in the string on the downs. I will now put the groom and boy again on their guard, with respect to colts commencing and going on with their work, as some of them get cunning after having gone up a few gallops. Craving colts, and hearty colts, may occasionally require such correction as I have just noticed; but the flighty irritable colts must never be corrected; for what, by many, are considered as faults in them, principally arise from their natural timidity; so that to fight with them would alarm them, and in short spoil them as racers. In what manner they ought to be treated, I shall of course state when I come to the training of them.

A craving or hearty colt, become cunning from having gone up a few gallops, may some morning, as he is approaching to, or commencing, one of his gallops, look at what he is going about, that is, if I may so say, he looks at the work he is going to begin; and, unless the boy is on his guard, he is very likely to rear up and bolt round, and perhaps try to break away; or, if he do not do this, he may, if a tricky one, in going up the gallop, shut up and go out; in other words, he will sulk and slacken his pace, and then bolt suddenly out from the string, break away, and get some distance before he can be pulled up. An ill-disposed colt will sometimes rather unexpectedly take these advantages of a small light boy; when he does this, to prevent a repetition of it, the slight boy must be taken off the colt, and another put up, of more power and experience; and, as he is apprized of the sort of colt he is

going to ride, he strictly watches him, not only as he is walking to the gallop, but after he has commenced it. Now, a few lengths previous to the colt coming to that part of the gallop which he may before have gone out at, the boy should there persevere with him, to make him keep his place in the string; and, if he finds it necessary, he should have recourse quickly to such methods of correction as have already been spoken of, with the additional aid (in his right or left hand, whichever is found to be most convenient) of his ashen plant, raised over his own head or near to the colt's, and using occasionally rough sort of language, in going along to the end of the gallop. If the boy has been able to keep the colt straight throughout the gallop to the end of it, he should, after having pulled him up, notice him a little, but not too much. If a thick craving rogue of a colt, or a hearty one, similarly disposed, cannot be got the better of by the treatment I have advised, further severities, as having repeated recourse to blows, will seldom be found to answer. Many a hearty colt may become a little tricky merely from being too fresh; such a colt only requires the quiet treatment of a good riding boy, with an occasional increase of work to steady him.

It is to be understood, that all these young ones are to be taught in turn, not only to lead the class to which they belong, as well in walking out from as in returning to the stables, but also occasionally to lead the gallop.

After these yearlings have gone through what I have laid down relative to them, it may fairly be concluded that they have been long enough under the care of the groom for him to have become thoroughly acquainted with what they all are, as regards their constitutions and tempers.

In getting ready the first class of these young ones, (the craving ones), either to try or to run, something like regular work should be given them. The second class, the hearty ones, will require less work, with more teaching. The third class, the flighty ones, require very little more than teaching alone; that is to say, if they are properly taught, they are generally sufficiently trained.

Now, according as the disposition of a colt of the third class is steady or flighty, so must his treatment be varied; those that are steady enough to follow each other in their exercise may do so; but those that are easily alarmed had much better go by themselves. All the colts of this class should have good and patient riding boys, not only for their exercise, but to look after them in the stable. No matter where they are alarmed, or at what they are alarmed, if once they are so, it will be some time before they get the better of a fright. The groom must therefore carefully watch them and the boys; and he must caution the latter never, scarcely under any circumstances, to strike them, or even to pull more rashly at them than is absolutely necessary to pull them up, or to prevent them, when hearty, from getting the better of them. If any of these colts become alarmed by going constantly to one particular part of the downs, where they may occasionally have

had a few gallops, the groom should immediately take them to another part, and let them be there at walking exercise for a few days; then take them back to the old ground, but, instead of galloping them, let them walk these gallops, and walk about other parts of this ground for two or three days; then he should take them back to the ground at which they were not frightened, and, if they appear here pretty hearty, he should endeavor to steal a gallop into them, just letting them go off as they like.

If any colt among these flighty ones will not bear even the sort of treatment I have just described, he should be taken on to the turnpike road early in the morning, where he should do the most of his exercise, and the more like a hack he does it the more reconciled he will become; and if he has good action, he may walk long lengths, which will give an appetite. If there is in the neighborhood a gradual good sort of lengthy hill, that may perchance have a narrow strip of turf running by the side of it, the colt in question should occasionally go up such hill, and at other times, by way of change, and with a view to warn him, he should (putting him to a trot some way before he comes to the hill, and giving him his head,) be allowed to trot on up any portion of the hill as may be thought sufficient to bring his lungs into pretty good action. If the hill is short, he should trot up the whole length, and, instead of pulling him up at the top, he should be made to continue on, on the level, for half a mile, then pull him quietly home, if possible, by a different road from that by which he came. At other times of his going out, there should be a steady hack rode out with him, by the side of him, following, or before him, whichever the colt appears to be the most reconciled to. At other times, with the hack along with him, he should proceed to any of the neighboring markets or fairs; here let them walk quietly about in the noise and bustle of the crowd, making very much of the colt, who cannot here be treated too kindly, with a view to make him rather fond of the crowd, so that he may not be alarmed on being walked out from the rubbing-house into the crowd on the course the first time of his being brought out to run. Indeed, unless a colt or horse will walk out of the rubbing-house into the crowd, and remain unconcerned, and, in his running and concluding a race, go freely up between the rails of the course, and boldly pass through the crowd, and is not more pleased than annoyed by their cheering as he passes the winning-post, I say of him, as Shakspeare has said of man, "Let no such horses be trusted."

The next thing the groom has to do is to teach his colts, as they are approaching towards two years old, to go by the side of each other in their exercise, and also to stop by the side of each other when pulled up on finishing their gallops. But, previous to the groom practising his colts at this, he should take an opportunity of steadying them, by giving them, for two or three days, such long walking exercise, with occasional lengthy gallops, as their ages and constitutions will safely bear; then, on the morning he commences teaching his colts to go in the way just mentioned, he should put upon the colt he intends to lead the

gallop an experienced good riding boy, who from practice knows well how to forward a colt on this or any other occasion, or perhaps as more preferable, if light enough, the head lad, as the groom would only have to say to the latter—"We must see how these young ones will go by the side of each other as they approach the close of the gallop, and whether we can get them to stop pretty nearly opposite each other when pulled up at the end of it." Two or three of them may now and then be practised together.

If it is a good riding boy that is to lead this sort of gallop, he had better be put on a good sort of hack, or a steady horse that has been some time in training; but we will suppose the head lad to lead the above-mentioned gallop, as he may do it on one of the colts. In the morning, either in the stables, or as he is going along on his hack to the ground with the colts, the groom cautions the boys, first, by telling them what he wants done with the colts, and then bids them be steady, and mind and attend to what will presently be said to them by the head lad. The head lad, on arriving at the ground, should say to the boys, as they are approaching the gallop—"Keep fast your colts' heads, and follow me." When he sees that the colts are off and settled in their stride, he again says to them—"Come gradually on with your colts until you are nearly head and girth with my colt; but mind that you keep your colts sufficiently wide apart, so that they may have no inclination to fly at each other." By the time the colts have got in their places on the gallop, as we have here described, they will have arrived within a quarter of a mile of the end of it. The lad, seeing them go on as they ought, should again speak to the boys, and tell them to take a steady pull at their colts, and direct them at the same time to finish the gallop at a little faster pace; but to be careful not to pass him if they can avoid it. On their having made this little run together, they are to be pulled up as nearly as possible in a line with each other. They should now be let stand to blow their noses, if they like, during which time they should be made much of; and, previous to their going to the troughs to water, they should be walked quietly about in line with each other, but, as has been just observed, not so close as to allow of any colt becoming unpleasantly familiar with the one that may be next to him.

Thus should colts be practised, not only until they go quietly by the side of each other, but until they will let other colts or horses come rather suddenly up by the side of them, in a gallop, a trial, or a race, without being alarmed or swerving away from them; and until they will, when pulled at, easily stop nearly in a line with each other, under either of the above-mentioned circumstances.

Any colt that may swerve or break with a boy while at this sort of exercise should on the next, and every succeeding day, be ridden by the head lad, until he has got the colt to do what is necessarily required of him; and when the head lad gives up riding such colt, one of the best riding boys must at all times ride him in his exercise. All the colts we have here mentioned should

in succession be ridden by the head lad, who should practise them occasionally to go to what is called "the head," that is, a little in front of the other colts, he (the lad) having previously cautioned the boy that may be riding a colt against him, to sit steady and not urge his colt on beyond the pace he has been accustomed to go, while he steadily goes, for a short way up the gallop, head and neck with the colt against him. The lad, then taking a pull, should go head and head for a few strides; then for a short distance, before finishing the gallop, he should go out to the front, and take the lead for a few lengths, just previous to the pulling up of the two or three colts, whichever it may be.

Thus should the colts occasionally be practised on the downs: or, which is to be preferred, up between the rails of a course, passing the winning post, and pulling them up at the usual or convenient distance beyond it; and after they have recovered their wind, they should be turned about, and walked back to the weighing-house; here the boys, if not too small, may dismount and make much of them, then get on them again, and walk them quietly away.

Such are the precautionary measures to be observed in the teaching of yearlings and two-year-olds on their first coming on to the downs to be trained, with a view to preserve their tempers, and prevent their becoming tricky; no matter how good the racing properties of a colt may be, if, from improper management, he should, at the above early age, get into any of the habits already mentioned, he is, as I have before noticed, most likely spoiled for ever as a race horse, or, rather, there is no dependence to be placed on him when he is called upon in severe running, nor can his owner ever think of backing him for a single guinea.

Yearlings that are thus far forwarded by teaching are many of them sufficiently well trained for the length they have to come; and with those that are not so, as the thick ones and the hearty ones, the groom may do a bit of work, and get them into something like condition, that is, he may get them about three parts ready, if the weather keeps open, and they have not been tired; they also may, if the owner wishes it, at the usual weights and lengths, have a spin together just before Christmas, merely to see what may be good or bad among them.

This sort of trial gallop being over by the end of December, the yearlings may now be laid by, that is, they should be indulged for a month or six weeks, coming out only on occasional days to be lounged, with a view merely to keep them in health. Two or three of the first class, more particularly if a little queer in their tempers, would perhaps be the better of being ridden quietly about, either daily or every other day, until about the middle or end of February. Which of these two periods must depend of course on the time they are to come out to run as yearlings, that is whether it be in the middle or end of April.

All that we have stated in this chapter, with regard to the teaching of yearlings, also stands good in the teaching of two-year-olds, that is, if the latter do not leave their paddocks until they are two years old.

“ A T F A U L T ; ”

OR,

A SPORTING ADVENTURE WITH (or rather WITHOUT) NIMROD.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ One of these men is genius to the other ;
And so of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?
* * * * *

“ And thereupon these errors are arose.”

SHAKSPEARE.

It is now nearly five-and-twenty years since the anecdote I am about to relate took place at Windsor. I was then a stripling of twenty, and was doing duty with my regiment, the Blues : like the military hero mentioned in one of O’Keefe’s excellent farces, I might have sung—

“ How happy’s the soldier that lives on his pay,
Who spends half a-crown out of sixpence a-day ! ”

for out of a very small income I had expended some hundreds in getting together a few good hunters. With these I intended to surprise the “ natives ; ” for, in the days I write of, steam had not made Windsor a suburb of London, and a ride of one-and-twenty miles, oftentimes more, to the meet, was a bar to the Cockney sportsman joining in the sport. The winter of 1820 had set in with unusual mildness, and the King’s stag-hounds had been advertised to meet at Salt Hill. Upon the morning of the Hunt, a large party had assembled at Botham’s, that prince of publicans, and, among others, I was one of the number. Whilst we were discussing his excellent repast of hot rolls, devilled kidneys, broiled bones, fried sausages, with a jumping powder or two, in the shape of a glass of Curacoa, we were joined by a larking young Irishman, then as popular and as agreeable an officer in the Guards, as he is now in the more arduous, and, we trust, much more profitable duty of an army agent in Dublin. “ Ah ! my boys,” exclaimed the new comer, “ there’s nothing like eating and drinking to bring out the humanities. Here, gossoon, kidneys for two, a broiled bone, and a glass of the ‘ creature.’ ” After welcoming our friend, who, during the waiter’s absence, had made a pretty substantial attack upon a cold beefsteak pie, we commenced a “ keen encounter of our wits ” under the denomination of “ selling bargains.” “ What a horrid shame,” exclaimed a young Blue, just emancipated from Eton, “ there’s Mrs. Sparks been lying for the last ten days at Slough, and they wont bury her.” “ Shameful,” responded a dozen voices, “ the authorities ought to be informed of it.” “ And what’s the reason they wont bury her ? ”

asked a quiet, modest-looking youth, who had lately come up from Cambridge. "Why should they?" responded the other. "Though she's been *lying* there for more than a week, it would be rather hard to bury her alive." A shout followed this attempted sally of wit, which was followed by others of the same nature. "Holloa, Tom," said our young Irishman to a middle-aged friend, who, instead of turning out in tops and cords (for in those days, leathers were deemed "rural"), sported a pair of what had been once *white* duck trowsers, "I hope we may cross the Thames to-day." "Why?" asked the other. "Because," responded the Emerald, "I think you ought to give your *ducks* a swim." Whilst laughing at this really ready sally, one of the most popular and sporting noblemen of that day, then holding a place about the court, entered the room; and, after inviting a chosen few to dine at the Equerry's table at the Castle, told us that we must all ride our best to-day, as Nimrod was to be one of the party. I had heard of the mighty "Nimrod, the founder" of the sporting race of writers, and longed to be mentioned in the pages of his Magazine as "a promising young one." To accomplish this, I determined not only to ride my best, but to attach myself to this literary lion, in the hopes that, as they say in the House of Commons, I might be "named." "How is Nimrod mounted?" I exclaimed. "On a flea-bitten grey," responded the noble lord who had given us the information, "a snaffle bridle and a martingale." "Martingale!" thought I—"this must be some new fancy; we shall read his reasons in the next month's Magazine." The hour of meeting had now arrived; after paying our bill, we mounted our horses, and proceeded to a field near the road side, where Davis and his excellent pack of hounds were in attendance. A large field of sportsmen were collected, consisting of officers of the garrison, country squires, a sprinkling of fashion from London, some Metropolitan dealers, and a few Cockney Sportsmen. Before the deer was uncarted, which Davis told us would give us a capital run, I looked in vain, for some time, for the far-famed chronicler of the sports. "You have not seen a gentleman on a flea-bitten grey," I inquired of all my friends. No one had seen "the gallant grey." At last one of my brother officers told me that there was a horse that answered that description standing at the Red Lion, Slough, and that the groom had told him his master was coming from London; upon this intelligence I rode up to the huntsman, and, telling him how important a gentleman was momentarily expected, he kindly gave five minutes' grace. In those "good old days," the master of the buckhounds contented himself with staying at home and receiving the "rint," seldom or ever attending the hunt, and then merely to see the deer uncarted—as has not been the case within the last ten years, when such truly popular sportsmen as the Earls of Erroll, Chesterfield, Rosslyn, and Lord Kinnaird, have occupied the post, and done every justice to it. To resume. No sooner had I gained the huntsman's sanction to a five minutes' law, than I made the best of my way across the fields to Slough. As I reached it, a very gaudy-looking dog-cart drove up to the door of the Red Lion, out

of which got a gentleman equipped for the chase. His costume was peculiar: a grass-green cut-away coat, with gilt buttons, upon which were embossed sporting subjects of every description—hunting, racing, shooting, cocking, fishing, coursing, and prize-fighting. His “smalls” were white—not as the driven snow, but rather whitey-yellow—and were made of leather; they looked as if they had not been “made to measure,” but had more of the cut of the Blue-coat School, or a “reach-me-down shop.” At the knees—where the buttons had evidently fallen out with the button-holes, for they could not be prevailed upon to meet upon any terms—there was a display of white ribbons which would have done credit to any recruiting serjeant’s cap in the service. The boots were of the Wellington make, with a pair of brown glazed and highly polished tops drawn over them, displaying a large hiatus, in which the calf of the wearer protruded considerably. A waist-coat of striped marcella completed the costume—with the exception of a hat, of the Joliffe form, tied to the button-hole by a small piece of red tape, and a hunting whip. The horse was a tall, raw-boned animal, one that quite came under the denomination of “a rum one to look at, but a devil to go.” The saddle was not of the most fashionable shape, and the saddle-cloth of white, bordered with light blue; surcingle of the same, with a dirty snaffle and worn-out bridle, faced with light-blue satin, gave the whole the appearance of a costermonger’s horse at Epping Forest on Easter Monday, or at Tothill-fields during Gooseberry Fair. For some time I could scarcely believe my senses; but, recollecting that “great wits to madness nearly are allied,” I attributed the strangeness of the turn-out to the eccentricity of the owner. To be certain as to the party, no sooner had the new-comer mounted his “Rosinante,” and coaxed him into a trot, amidst the grins of the gaping clods that stood about the door, than I rode up to the groom, and said, in an off-hand sort of manner—“That’s Nimrod, is it not?” “Yes, I believe you,” answered the man; “I should like to drink your honor’s health, and success to Nimrod, eh, eh, eh!” For the life of me I could neither see the joke, nor understand the reason for the cockney’s laughter; I, however, threw him a shilling, and lost no time in gaining upon this mighty hunter, which I accomplished just as he had reached the field, from which the deer had been some ten minutes uncartered. To account for this, I must remark that although I have given a brief and hurried sketch of my proceedings, in order that I may the more quickly arrive at the *denouement* of my tale, a considerable deal of time had been lost at Slough, after the arrival of the far-famed Nimrod, some portion of that time having been devoted to his giving instructions to his groom, taking care of himself at the bar of the Red Lion, mounting, altering and arranging his stirrups, and, as he said, getting into his seat. I proceed. The gate that opened to the field was at the farthest extremity of the road, and finding the hounds laid on just as I had got up to my friend, I put my horse at a small fence, and called upon him to follow me. “There’s no ditch on this side,” I exclaimed, as the hero of the flea-bitten

grey "craned" most awfully. What could be the cause? thought I to myself. At last an idea came across my mind: the field, as I have already said, was numerous; and as the hounds were now running parallel to the road, and seemed disposed to cross it, I fancied my friend was waiting until they had crossed it, that he might get a start, and take a line of his own, instead of following the tail of the *tailoring* field. My anticipations, although I afterwards found out were not *his*, were realized; the deer had taken towards Eton playing fields, and the hounds crossed the road within a few yards of Slough. I jumped back into the road, and then found that my Nimrod had gone away in earnest; sticking his spurs into the flanks of his highly-couraged, though low-conditioned steed, he went away at a pace that would have almost eclipsed that of the far-famed Herne the hunter; still he kept to the road that leads from Slough to Eton. Albeit, no macadamizer myself, so anxious was I to keep well with this celebrated sporting character, that I hammered my hunter along the road in a way that called down the risible remarks of my brother officers and friends. Just as we reached the playing fields, the hounds again crossed the road, and I then saw that we could "take the road" no more. During a temporary check I doffed my hat to the new comer, a compliment he immediately returned.

"As you do not know this country, sir, as well as I do," said I, politely addressing the great Nimrod, "perhaps I can be of some service to you. Your horse seems a little out of condition; by nursing him at first, I have no doubt but that you will get him through the run, which, from the line the deer has taken, will, I think, be a brilliant one." My newly formed ally was all attention and civility.

"Why as you say, sir," he replied, "my horse is a little out of condition; he's been in rather sharp work lately; ten miles a day with a heavy drag, is no child's play."

"Ten miles a day after a drag!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise; for none but the hero himself would have convinced me that Nimrod was addicted to hunting a drag, and patronizing the anniseed and red herring pack.

"Yes, sir, last week at Croydon, then at Romford, now at Epping, all in the way of business."

"Oh, I understand," said I, "you publish your proceedings in the magazines and papers."

"Right again," replied my affable friend, "could not carry on the war without the papers. Why, sir, a man might make his fortune by selling brick-dust, charcoal, old bottles, or any other commodity, if he only advertised enough; puffing is the order of the day, and without it even my article would be a drug in the market."

"Impossible," I responded, "while there's a particle of taste, or intelligence left in the world, your *articles* must always command attention."

"You are very kind sir," replied my friend, "and although I say it, as should not, they are certainly very much sought after by the public."

I had now, as I thought, broken the ice, and having hinted at, and complimented the popular writer upon his avocations, I proceeded to point out the line the deer was likely to take.

"We shall first cross Charvey ditch; then skirting Eton, he will take to the river, whether at Surly-hall, or Maidenhead, I know not, as he has already probably been headed a dozen times; if he crosses the water, he will then lead us a merry dance to Ascot Heath and Bagshot."

"Charvey ditch, cross the Thames, Ascot, and Bagshot," echoed my brother sportsman; "prodigious!"

This enumeration of the places made me immediately think he was treasuring these all in his mind for an article in a London newspaper, and the December number of the "Sporting Magazine." I was now anxious that my new acquaintance should get at my patronymic, feeling without that it would be impossible for him, however willing, to record my prowess in the field. To accomplish this required some tact, and I immediately set my brains to work. At this moment none of my friends were near, so, by way of a beginning, I tried to lead my companion to a conversation that would make him acquainted with my profession and residence.

"Charming country this, sir," I said; "in winter hunting, in summer boating and cricketing; all the year round a most hospitable neighborhood; only two hours' ride from London." (In these days, in parenthesis, I might have said only five-and-twenty minutes by the rail.) "It's one of the best quarters out of the metropolis," I continued. My friend seemed a little awe-struck.

"Oh you're quartered here," said he, recovering his usual manner; "but you forget to enumerate one of the delights of country quarters—standing on a bridge, throwing a piece of wood into the water, and crossing to the opposite side to see it float through."

"Nimrod's breaking out;" said I to myself, and then proceeded. "Yes, I am quartered at the Cavalry Barracks, at Spital."

"Spital," echoed my friend; "that's very well of you." "Yes, it was 'spittle' that made the sport at the bridge, not the piece of wood. I see, sir, you're up to a thing or two."

My friend was getting familiar, and, as I thought, extremely vulgar; still, as a genius, I felt every allowance ought to be made, and I proceeded: "Yes, we are at the Cavalry Barracks, where at any time I shall be delighted to see you. I can show you something in your line: you are fond of horses."

"Oh yes," responded my now attentive companion; "and if my services ever should be required, you may command me; anything in my line shall meet with the most prompt attention."

Before I had prepared a suitable answer, I was greeted by the then mayor of Windsor.

"Ah, my lord," said that truly popular and universally respected man, "that's a nice horse; more than up to your lordship's weight."

"Your servant, Mr. Mayor," I responded; "I am proud of the compliment; for, as the man says in the play, 'approbation from

(Mr. John Bannister) is praise indeed.' Your mare, too, is quite of the right sort ; and I warrant she's a good one."

"Why, I have seen worse, my lord," replied the chief magistrate, who *en passant*, be it said, never had a bad bit of horse flesh in his possession, and who proved to me that he had one of the good old sort only last Easter ; when, after benefiting by his hospitality in the shape of an excellent cup of tea, distilled by his fair daughter's hands, he insisted upon driving me to Detosio's Hotel, at Slough, where I was then sojourning.

In case this article should ever meet his eye—and as an old, thorough-bred English sportsman, I have no doubt he occasionally (to use poor Theodore Hook's joke) sets *his face against* the review—I hope he will excuse the mention of his name ; and if I do not couple it with those eulogiums which his character, public and private, so eminently entitle him to, it is because I know he is one of those who, "doing good by stealth, would blush to find it fame." To resume.

During this conversation, especially when I was "my lorded," the mighty Nimrod looked a little surprised, and not a little pleased.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said he ; "I was not aware of the —."

"Oh," I interrupted him, "look upon me as a brother sportsman, that's a tie that is acknowledged all over the world. But we must not lose our start ; that old hound is on the scent."

I was right ; away went the pack, followed by a troop of equestrians and pedestrians, hollaing and shouting, and making such a noise that would well have suited the modern performances of the Ojibbeway Indians, and the skeleton hunt in the then unknown opera of *Der Freyschutz*.

"Follow me," I exclaimed ; "we must not take too much out of our horses. I'll take you to a spot where the ditch is scarcely broader than a gutter."

Away I went, followed by my friend, who kept rather too close to me to be pleasant. 'Tis true I was well mounted, but as accidents will happen in the very best regulated establishment, I could not help feeling that if Comus (so my hunter was named, as bought from Milton, he of the *mews*, not *muse*) should make a mistake, I should be ridden over by Nimrod, who would probably write my epitaph, and I should also furnish an excellent article for the accident-makers of the morning press. As we approached the ditch I got up the steam, hoping by that means to get a few yards advance of my shadow, and charged it gallantly in rather a broad place.

"Keep to my right," I exclaimed ; "near the hedge you'll find it nothing."

"Where, where ?" shouted my friend, who was now pulling and hauling at his horse's mouth, as if, in nautical language, he was "taking a pull at the main sheet ;" but, to carry the metaphor further, the fiery steed would "not answer the helm ;" and, goaded by the spurs by which my hero stuck on, following my track,

plunged right into the middle of as dirty a ditch as that of "Datchet Mead, close by the Thames side," immortalized by Shakspeare as the spot where the amorous "Falstaff, varlet vile," had his courage cooled through the machinations of one of the very merriest wives of Windsor. Looking round upon hearing the splash, I saw what a catastrophe had befallen my friend, and in the most un hunting-like fashion, I pulled up to offer him my assistance, jumping off my horse, which I gave to a clod who had been perched up in a willow-tree to see the sport. I caught firm hold of the tree, and leaning forward, held out my whip, which I begged the affrighted Nimrod to seize the end of, and which he had no sooner done than I pulled him to the bank; in the mean time the "grey" had been rescued from the ditch by the clod I have alluded to; and there they both stood, the quadruped looking, for all the world, like one of Ducrow's black and white piebald horses, and the biped the very fac-simile of Sir Walter Blunt, on his return from the plains of Holmedon—

"New lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil."

A butcher's boy, whose "bit of metal" would not face the ditch, proffered his assistance, and, with his apron and some wet rushes, we rubbed both man and horse down, and again mounting our steeds, trotted towards Windsor Bridge, to ascertain, if possible, which way the deer had taken. As a matter of course, we were not a little jeered at as we rode through the town of Eton. "Holloa, Snowball!" cried one in his shirt sleeves, "vy, you're as black as the white of my eye." "Vy, you've been shooting your rubbish in Charvey Ditch!" screamed another, "that's against an act of parliament." "No dirt to be taken off these roads without leave of the surveyor!" shouted a third, "you'll be had up afore the 'thorities." "Tally-ho!" roared a fourth; while a dozen voices exclaimed, "The deer has taken the water at Surly Hall, and you can't do better than follow arter him."

"Surly Hall!" I exclaimed, "then Clewer's our line:" so, trotting over the bridge, we took the first street to our right in Windsor, and soon gained the meadows between Windsor and Clewer church. A few fences stood in our way; but, looking out for gaps, I took the lead, telling my friend to follow, but not without first assuring him that many horses who would take timber would not face a brook. Whether the fall had put some mettle into the steed and his rider, I know not, but they certainly followed me as straight as a dart, and we reached the village of Clewer without any adventure. Here we found that the deer, hounds, huntsman, and a few daring spirits, had crossed the water, and away we went towards St. Leonard's Hill. Skirting that beautifully wooded spot, we crossed Wingfield Plain, then unenclosed, and soon reached Ascot Heath; from thence to Bagshot, where the deer took to water and was captured. From the time we left Clewer there was scarcely any fencing, and what there was was very easy: my friend paid me the compliment of urging me to lead, as some of the fences were, as

he said, "rather blind;" no sooner did we, however, gain the open, than he passed me, and wonderful was it to see him gallop, with a slack rein, over mounds, and across ridge and furrow, through rabbit burrows, and thorns, and fern; and still more wonderful was it that his steed should keep his legs with such bad ground, and, as I thought, loose riding.

No sooner had our chase ended than I congratulated Nimrod at being one out of nine that had seen the end of the run. He seemed delighted, assured me it was one of the best days' sport he had almost ever had; and added, that he should never, to the last day of his life, forget my kindness and attention. To have Nimrod as a friend for ever! said I to myself, then indeed shall I have my deeds in the chase chronicled, and gain that sporting notoriety which, in those days, I own, I coveted.

I now again turned to my self-satisfied friend, and proposed that he should accompany me to the barracks to partake of luncheon. This he politely declined, stating that his "light chay-cart" (as he called it) had been sent back to London; that finding he was so near the town of Bagshot, where he had some business, he should proceed there and either leave his gallant grey there for the night, and proceed to town by the coach; or, after an hour or two's rest, ride the animal to town. "Never unmindful of business, my lord," said my new ally; "my name's known in Bagshot and the vicinity, and I have no doubt my day's sport will turn to profit."

"Unquestionably," I replied, still imagining he was alluding to the works of his talented pen. I then took my leave, but not without first giving him my name, which turned out to be superfluous, as he had already ascertained it from the huntsman, and assuring him that at any time my brother officers and myself would be happy to see so distinguished a Nimrod at the Barracks.

"I thank you for the compliment," responded my friend; "there's nothing like combining business and pleasure. Unfortunately, my cards were left in the light chay-cart; but my address is well known to the world at large. And if ever, professionally or privately, I can be of any service to your lordship or friends, you may command me."

I doffed my hat, and turning my horse's head towards Windsor, pictured to myself the flaming paragraph that would probably appear in the sporting papers, headed, "Wonderful run with His Majesty's Stag-hounds," with a full, true, and particular account of the "nine" that were in at the end of the day. In the meantime, having some slight personal acquaintance with a neighboring provincial editor, I concocted an article in my head on my road home, which I reduced to writing as soon as I reached the barracks.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

So thought Dr. Panglos, and following his erudite authority, I made slight mention of myself, merely naming myself as one who, with the celebrated sporting rider Nimrod, the huntsman, whippers in, &c., were in at the end. The paragraph appeared; it was on a Friday morning; I purchased at least a dozen papers; for

the editor, thinking that "my modesty," like that of Tom Thumb (I mean the original, not the General "of that ilk") "was a flambeau to my understanding," had given us more credit than we deserved, describing us as having kept all day with the hounds, and having, like "two young Lochinvars,"

"Swam the *Thames* river where ford there was none."

The Sunday papers, published in time for Saturday evening's coach, were to reach us by dinner-time that day, and, having given orders for two copies of each sporting paper to be sent me, I awaited with no little impatience the arrival of the trumpet-major with the papers. "Six newspapers for your lordship." I opened them all in turn, and great was my surprise to find, instead of the long-looked-for account, the following pithy paragraph:—"We stop the press to say we have just received a communication from Nimrod (C. J. Apperley, Esq.), begging us to contradict a paragraph that appeared in a provincial paper of yesterday, stating that he had formed one of the field with his Majesty's hounds last week." This talented author adding, "that unless, like Sir Simon Roche's bird, he could be in two places at once, the thing was impossible, he having been out on the very morning mentioned with the Warwickshire hounds." To this was added the following note by the editor:—"We rather suspect the original paragraph in question, was a regular paid for Day and Martin impudent puff, inserted by one of the 'hard riders' mentioned in it." To use a sporting phrase, I was regularly "at fault," nor was the mystery dissolved until the following morning, when a letter reached me by the post; it contained a printed card, postage ten-pence for a double letter, for in those days Rowland Hill's "penny wise," and *as far* only as revenue goes, "pound foolish" plan, had not been introduced. I was about to throw the card into the fire, when a small note fell from the letter; picking it up, I found it ran as follows:—"Mr. Bugsby's compts to Lord Lennix, and in thanking him for his kindness last Monday with the hounds, begs to enclose a few cards." "Bugsby," I exclaimed to a brother officer; "what does this mean?"

"See here," he replied, reading the card in a solemn and pompous tone—

"Killing, no murder.

"BUGSBY,

Puce, bug, and black-beetle extirpator!

One trial will suffice! Copy the address!

Fleeance avaunt! Sleep unalloyed;

Here bugs by Bugs-by are destroyed."

I cannot attempt to picture to my readers my shame and annoyance, to have made myself the dupe of a flea extirpator, a bug destroyer, a black-beetle exterminator. I could have *fleabottomized* the wretch. I, however, consoled myself upon my narrow escape; for had Mr. Bugsby accepted my invitation to Windsor, I should not only have *fete-ed* him at the barracks, but have proba-

bly introduced him to the equerries' table of good old George the Third. For some months I studied Lavater, and should not have now thus written myself "down as an ass," had I not the excuse of youth and inexperience to bring forward in my favor. I had, too, the example of one of Shakspeare's finest-drawn characters; for, as the fat knight says—"I was three or four times in the thought" that the vulgar cit could not be the highly talented Nimrod; and yet the sudden surprise of my powers drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason. See, now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

It was not for a year afterwards that I found out the cruel hoax that had been practised upon me. One of the party assembled at the breakfast I have alluded to in the commencement of this anecdote, had, "by way of a lark," spread abroad the story that Nimrod was expected to join the hunt; and having seen, upon his road through Colnbrook, a "chay-cart"—with the words, "Bugsby, puce extirpator, Clearkenwell, London"—pulling up at the White Hart, with a veritable cockney in it, and hearing from him that a flea-bitten grey (not an inappropriate color!) was waiting for him at Slough, identified the party with the celebrated and talented Nimrod. When I discovered how I had been duped, all I had left me was to exclaim, from Pers. Sat.—

"———Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges.———"

Or, as Dryden gives it—

"You drive the jest too far."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

THE LATE THOMAS THORNHILL, ESQ.

Few men, for the last thirty years, continued to hold so prominent a place on the turf as Mr. Thornhill; with ample means, sound judgment, and certainly his full share of good fortune, his racing career furnishes us with one of those rare instances of a gentleman indulging his passion for that hazardous pastime without injury either to his honor or estate. This is the more remarkable, as during the whole period we have named he embarked heavily in every department of his favorite pursuit, had always one of the largest strings of horses in work at Newmarket, an extensive breeding establishment at Riddlesworth, and invariably a strong book on coming events. In breeding, training, or backing his horses, none displayed a greater spirit, and few enjoyed equal success. Beyond a little annual practice in the autumn among the game preserves at Riddlesworth, the term "Turfite" will define and include all Mr. Thornhill's claim to the name of a sportsman; for the more active amusements of the field, he was natur-

ally unfitted, seldom, we believe, early or late in life, attempting to ride to hounds. When a young man and a leading buck, he certainly, in conformity with the fashion of the day, was wont to appear on horseback in boots and breeches; but the well-known phaeton was from the first, we are told, his favorite *hack*. Our notice, then, being necessarily confined to his performances on the turf, previous to proceeding with it, we may give a few particulars usually expected in papers of this description.

Mr. Thornhill, after finishing his education at Cambridge, where, like many others before and after him, he acquired a greater taste for Olympics than mathematics, and a notion of feeling more at home on Newmarket Heath than he did in Trinity Hall, on attaining his majority, came into possession of a splendid fortune, none the worse for a long minority, with Fixby Hall, in Yorkshire, as the family seat. Fixby, however, for many reasons, was never a favorite residence of his, and when he purchased Riddlesworth of Sir William Wake, "the friend of the people," Mr. Oastler was left to represent him and his interest in the North. Mr. Thornhill was thrice married—first, to the widow of T. Wood, Esq.; on her decease, to Miss Peirse, daughter of W. Peirse, Esq., the father of the turf in the north; and Miss Forester, daughter of Colonel Forester, and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cleveland, became the third Mrs. Thornhill. He has left three daughters, but no male heir, the entailed estate will consequently go to another branch of the family. Mr. Thornhill died in London, on the 28th of May, at his house in Berkeley-square, the same, we believe, in which he was born. He was in the 68th year of his age, and weighed, we have been informed by a gentleman who knew him well, something like four-and-twenty stone.

We will now proceed at once to a review of his career on the turf. In 1809, we find him first figuring as an owner of race-horses with *Ralphina*, by *Buzzard*, a mare with which he made a good opening, winning four races at seven starts that season.

From 1810 to 1815, the list of his public runners comprised *Fairing* (one of the first mares put to the Riddlesworth stud); filly by *Hambletonian*; *Topaz* (bought of Lord G. Cavendish); *Aquarius*; *Historia*; colt by *Golumpus*, dam by *Sweeper*; *Anticipation* and *Phosphor*. *Fairing* won fifty guineas, at Newmarket! *Aquarius*, a couple of hundred and a fifty; *Historia* received a forfeit, and won sixty guineas and two hundred guineas; and *Anticipation* two fifties. *Anticipation* was one of a lot purchased at the sale of Sir Sitwell Sitwell's stud, in which the celebrated *Hyale*, the dam of *Clinker*, *Clasher*, and *Sam* was also included. *Scud*, the sire of *Sam*, *Sailor*, and *Shoveler*, was the first stud horse Mr. Thornhill became possessed of, and was advertised to cover at Riddlesworth in 1812.

The next five years, from 1816 to 1820, are by far the most glorious in the annals of Riddlesworth; indeed, Mr. Thornhill's success at this period, was altogether unprecedented. The Duke of Grafton has eclipsed him, if we take the grand total as the criterion, but for the three years in succession, nothing more satis-

factory could be desired. The fellow laborers in this time of triumph were Phosphor, Anticipation, Sir Thomas, Sam, Screw, Steeltrap, Snare, Manfreda, Sall, Shoveler, Ringleader, Sailor, Sardonyx, Spring Gun, Lepus, Rebecca, and Mr. Low.

Phosphor won 100 guineas at Newmarket; Anticipation, the gold cup at Ascot, 100 guineas, the King's plate, a class of the Oatland's, and a brace of 200 guineas stakes at Newmarket; Sir Thomas, 500 guineas, and a hundred three times over, when he was sold to the Duke of Grafton; Sam, in 1818, won fifty, and a hundred at Newmarket, and the Derby at Epsom, for which he was backed at seven to two against him. People, particularly in these days of jumbling three and four year olds together, are apt to attach some importance to the fact of a horse being an early foal; but this was no recommendation to Mr. Thornhill's first grand winner, for Sam, by an extraordinary coincidence, won the Derby on his birth-day, the 28th of May. After achieving the Epsom victory, Sam never won another race: and having made two fruitless efforts in 1819, was sold to Mr. Lechmere Charlton, of whom he was re-purchased to join the Riddlesworth stud in 1822. Screw won a small stake at Newmarket; Steeltrap, 70 guineas at Ascot, 500 guineas at Newmarket, and was then sold to Mr. Dilly; Snare, a match, and then sold. Manfreda, bought of Mr. Stonehewer, proved but a middling investment, only winning a dirty half hundred, after throwing out five or six times in succession. Sall won 150 guineas at home; and her half sister, Shoveler, the same year (1819), 200 guineas at Newmarket, and the Oaks at Epsom; the next year a solitary King's plate was the only prize awarded to the winner of the Oaks, and she consequently found it prudent to retire for a season or two from public life. Ringleader, bought of Lord Stowell, won a couple of hundred, and in 1820, Sailor, another son of Scud, for the third time claimed the Epsom honors for Mr. Thornhill, who it was reported won thirty thousand by the race. The "extraordinary coincidence" on this occasion was a Sailor winning in a violent gale of wind, which, despite the saying, did blow *somebody* good. Poor Sailor died early the next season, and it *was* said that he had been ill-used—first, tried against every horse in the stable, one at a time; and then with *two*, starting with one and finishing with the other, of course either doing their share of the work at the very top of their speed. So rumor killed the hero that weathered the storm, but the story was contradicted in the strongest terms by Mr. Thornhill.* Sardonyx won 200 guineas (twice) and a fifty; Spring Gun 160 guineas; Lepus divided a £50 plate at Swaffham; Rebecca, bought of Mr. Batson, turned up blank; and Mr. Low, just purchased of the Duke of Portland, received a beating in two matches. Mr. Thornhill's horses at this period, and for some considerable time afterwards, were under the care of the Chifney brothers—William as the trainer, and "old Sam" the accomplished *artiste* in the scarlet and white.

* Sailor certainly died from the effects of a gallop, or a trial: we leave it to the fastidious to choose their own term. He broke a blood vessel, and dropped down dead either in his stride, or on being stopped.

"After a storm there comes a calm," and for the next ten years (from 1821 to 1830), after Sailor's memorable Derby, Mr. Thornhill introduced us to nothing particularly brilliant; of this the following names, "the pick of the basket" be it understood, without an exception, tend to assure us: Sardonyx, Swivel, sister to Sailor, Spoilt Child, Specie, Reformer, Hogarth, Surprise, The General, Mustard, Mariner, Merchant, Bee in a Bonnet, Worry, Esprit, and Earwig.

To again sift this lot, we may name Specie, Reformer, Surprise, and the Merchant, as about the most successful. Reformer (bought of Mr. Wilson) and The General both figured as first favorites for the Derby—the former running, but without in any way distinguishing himself, and The General retreating from the contest at the last moment, much to the disgust of those who had made winning a certainty without providing for the chance of his not even running. "The general sensation" of '26 must still be fresh in the memory of the veteran turfite. We may remark here that the run on the letter S. was in compliment to Scud or his son Sam; on M. to Merlin, who first covered at Riddlesworth in 1821; and on E. to Emilius, purchased of Mr. Udney in 1826. During the latter part of the time we have been referring to, the Chifneys had been succeeded by Pettit as trainer, and Conolly as jockey; in which situation the latter continued up to the time of his decease, and Pettit until his break-up at Newmarket, at the commencement of the present season, when Sam Chifney became not only jockey but trainer, and appeared for the last time in that double capacity for Mr. Thornhill, at Epsom, where he rode Elemi for the Derby, and Example for the Oaks.

We almost fear that we were looking only at Sam, Sailor, and Shoveler, when we talked of unequalled success; for really, now we come to add the result of the last fourteen years to the ten moderate seasons we have just disposed of, and bearing in mind the extent to which Mr. Thornhill went in breeding for the turf, the names and performances of the concluding batch are no ways dazzling. A dead heat for the St. Leger, which certainly was the next thing to winning it; second for the Oaks, which it is equally certain should have been first; the Ascot Vase, with the Clearwell, the Riddlesworth, and a few other fair stakes at Newmarket, are all we can make of this era; during which the following shone as the cream of the Stable—Earwig, Farce, Kate Kearney, Mendizabel, Egeria, Saintfoin, Castaside, Euclid, Eringo, and Extempore. Of the "have-beens" among these, Mendizabel was almost the only one that continued to run on, and, what is better, always ran respectably. Of those yet in training, we fancy Extempore to be one of the best mares of her year, and, at her own distance, very difficult to beat. Of Elemi, Eclogue, and so forth, little can be said that would benefit them on their appearance at the hammer on Thursday next.

In concluding this brief notice, we may add a word or two about the Riddlesworth stud. The first stallion that stood there we have already stated to be Scud, joined in '21 by Merlin, who became so

dangerous that it at length was found necessary to destroy him, not, however, before he had dreadfully injured the man who looked after him; in fact, we believe the poor fellow died from the effects of an attack. Sam, Emilius, Magnet, Merchant, St. Patrick, Albemarle, Euclid, The Commodore, and Erymus, have also served mares at Riddlesworth; and we need not say how successful the progeny of Emilius and St. Patrick, in particular, have proved. Euclid, Albemarle, and The Commodore, are announced for sale with the brood mares and foals in one of the October Meetings; but Emilius, it appears, is not to be priced by Messrs. Tattersall and Son.

The produce of the Riddlesworth stud were always for sale, consequently Mr. Thornhill frequently saw some of his best stock running under other colors—to wit, St. Francis, Mango, Preserve, Garry Owen, Pompey, and many more. The brood mares include Maria (the dam of Euclid and Extempore), Mustard (the dam of Mango and Preserve), Surprise (the dam of St. Francis), Mendizabel's dam, Erica, Apollonia, Variation, Tarantella, Kate Kearney, and Rint.

In a public point of view, all true sportsmen must regret the decease of Mr. Thornhill as one of those staunch friends of racing of which we have but *too* few remaining. It is in such we can place confidence; it is with their steady support that racing will continue to prosper, rather than from the patronage of the flashy "mad for a minute" speculator, who this season is buying and breeding all over the country, and the next "declining the turf."

The racing portion of the Riddlesworth stud were sold at Tattersall's, on Thursday, the 20th:—

Extempore, 4 yrs. old (own sister to Euclid), by Emilius, out of Maria...	800
Example, 3 yrs. old (own sister to Extempore, Euclid, &c)	350
Eclogue, 3 yrs. old, by Emilius, out of Apollonia by Whisker, out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam, &c.....	260
Elemi, 3 yrs. old (brother to Mango, Preserve, &c.), by Emilius, out of Mustard	165
Bay Filly, 3 yrs. old, by Albemarle, out of Erica by Emilius, out of Sho-veler, by Scud—Goosander, &c.....	135
Brown Filly, 3 yrs. old, by Emilius, dam by Phantom (the dam of Mendizabel, &c), her dam by Pericles, out of Mary by Sir Peter, &c.....	82

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS.

Continued from the August Number, page 485.

HAVING said thus much of the different functionaries of the *Turf*, let us now inquire how far *Hunting* may require *head* in its pursuit.

I doubt not there are many persons who think any ordinary fel-

low who can "whoop" "halloo," blow a horn, and ride boldly, is good enough for a Huntsman. Of course no Sportsman thinks this; but I am not making these observations for the edification of Sportsmen; I never, on any occasion, presume to write for their instruction; but I am endeavoring to show those of the world who are *not* Sportsmen that our pursuits approach nearer to their own in point of the requisite of mind (or as I have termed it *head*) than they have hitherto supposed. If I succeed in this, my most aspiring hope will be realised.

I have always considered, that, take him all in all, a Huntsman who is *first-rate* as a kennel Huntsman, and moderately good in the field, supposing the *entire* management of the pack was left to him, would during a season show more sport than if his attributes were reversed. If I am wrong in this opinion, I am (as I hope I am on every occasion) open to correction. My reasons for having always held this opinion are, that if the pack are bad in themselves, the best Chase-Huntsman on earth cannot make them good; if they are good (in a general way, the less a Huntsman interferes with them the better. I have known many crack coachmen, whose great fault was driving too much. Mayne, who I have mentioned as a race-rider, though a most superior horseman, always rode too much; he never could keep quiet in his saddle, but was always doing something with his horse, and sometimes beat him by doing what he considered was assisting him. I have seen many crack Huntsmen who I felt perfectly convinced hunted their hounds too much; in short, wanted to kill their fox by their own sagacity instead of allowing their hounds to do so by theirs, and would all but take them off their noses to get the credit of a knowing cast—a degree of puppyism and arrogance in a Huntsman which I consider quite unpardonable. I shall quote an instance of this kind of thing, and the Huntsman's excuse for it. Hounds were running with a burning scent, but came to a check: a couple or two shortly hit it off; the pack joined, and away they were going, when, to every one's astonishment, the First Whip was sent to get them back, the Huntsman, riding hallooing, or blowing his horn in a different direction. He made a cast, but not a hound owned the vestige of a scent; so he was forced to try back (hateful at all times to a fox-hunter). In coming to the spot where they were carrying on the scent when stopped, they hit it off again, and finally ran in to their fox. The Huntsman, on being required to explain his motive for taking his hounds off their line, said, he thought they must be hunting foul, as no fox *should* have taken that line of country; his point *ought* to have been such a covert. On being told that foxes would sometimes follow their own opinions instead of his in such particulars, he merely said, "If the fox was a fool, it was no fault of his." So much for Huntsmen relying on their own opinion instead of the sagacity and natural instinct of their hounds! That a great deal of cleverness may be shown by a Huntsman in the field we all know, and that at times he may greatly assist hounds is equally clear; but these aids (to kill a fox fairly) should only be given where from a bad-scenting

day, a known bad-scenting country, or a fox having gone away long before he was hit upon, prevents hounds exercising their gift of nose. A sudden change in the atmosphere, a particular harsh dry piece of ground, are fair excuses for giving hounds a lift, for they are then on unequal terms with their fox. He can make use of his legs to escape; they cannot, in such circumstances, make effectual use of their noses to follow him. Here, by making a judicious cast forward, a Huntsman shows his tact, and here we may allow him to exercise his judgment as to the point he considers his fox is making for; and probably he will be right, except, as our late mentioned friend said, "the fox is a fool." Here the sagacity of the Huntsman will probably be greater than that of the hound, a *sequitur* by no means to be relied on in all cases. The distinctive line between instinct and reason, the most talented have found it very difficult if not impossible to define. We are not aware that animals reflect so as to combine circumstances: now, more or less, a Huntsman does or ought to do this, and this tells him where to make his cast. The hound (and the higher bred he is the greater would be the probability of his doing it) would, if left to himself, most likely, on losing all scent, make a short cast or two, and then not succeeding, would trot quietly home or wherever his fancy led him. I have come in contact with many Huntsmen, and I think I can say, that, without exception, I have invariably found the man of the best general information the best Huntsman, whether in the field or kennel. Some excel in the one particular, others in the other, but very few indeed in both. Still I must adhere to my opinion, that a real good kennel Huntsman requires the most *head*. The chief requisites of a huntsman in the field I conceive to be, a perfect knowledge of his country, both as to locality and its scenting qualities; the points for which foxes in a general way make when found in particular places and with particular winds, which will generally be the same except with strange foxes in the clickitting season; and, further, a perfect knowledge of the qualifications of the different hounds in his pack, and consequently how far they are to be trusted. Some hounds we all know, like some men, will show, or rather commit, little peccadillos when in covert and out of sight: they may, nevertheless, be capital chase hounds, and perfectly steady where they know they are watched; for, reflect or not, they have reflection (or a something else) enough to be quite awake to this. Some hounds are capital finders, and will work through every foot of the thickest covert: others are dandies, and do not like tearing their skins or even coats with thorns or gorse. Some almost invariably take the lead on a fox going away, and, if run into in twenty minutes, go for that time like meteors: others, particularly some old hounds, let these flash gentlemen make all the running, and when they find their fox sinking, first make a quotation, "*finis coronat opus*," then get to the head, and kill their fox. I am not joking as to the head making a quotation; I only conclude he makes it inwardly; whereas Balaam's ass held forth loudly and in good set phrase. If so, surely my hound may be allowed a little quiet quotation to himself.

Supposing a Huntsman to possess these requisites, and be a good horseman, I should say he *will do* well enough; but to do this he must have no blockhead.

Of the First Whip, I need say no more than that he requires to the full as much, if not more, head in the field than the Huntsman. There is one little addition to his general business that it would be a great advantage to fox-hunting to delegate to him (if we could): he is expected to correct young hounds that run riot either at covert or in chase—why not some young Gentlemen who not unfrequently do the same?

We will now look in at the kennel, by the general appearance of which and its inhabitants a practised eye will at once detect what sort of *head* conducts the establishment. Poor Power used to say, when acting the part of a Prince in *Teddy the Tiler*, "You samed to think it's as aisy to make a Prince as a hod of mortar." Of the relative difficulty of making these two articles I am not a judge, never having made a Prince. A hod of mortar I really have manufactured, and therefore can only humbly venture a surmise, that if I was fortunate enough to be permitted to try, I could manufacture a Prince with less labor, and certainly by a more agreeable process. Of one thing I am certain, it is much easier to make what will do well enough for a Prince than it is to make a pack of fox-hounds—at least good ones.

If a man happens to come into a large property, it is very easy to say, "I will have a pack of fox-hounds;" and such he may readily get; that is, he may get thirty-five or forty couples of dogs, and those fox-hounds; and probably, if he is weak enough to accept them, he may get a great proportion of those given him. He may also get twenty hunters in his stable, and these may be really good ones, if he gives money enough. As to his pack (unless he finds some one giving up a country), at the end of three or four seasons I should like to see how he was getting on; but till then I should excuse myself hunting with him, unless, which God forbid, all the Masters of long-standing packs were to give up hunting. This need not deter any one from feeling confident that by patience, perseverance, and the help of a *good head*, he will in time get together a good pack of hounds. "We must all make a beginning; and here goes," as the flea said when he gave the elephant his first nibble on his breech, fully intending to pick his bones. I do not mean that forming a pack of fox-hounds amounts quite to this; but the tyro will find it a matter of more difficulty than he probably anticipated. Of all wretches in the shape of dogs, none are more so than sporting dogs when bad ones; a fox-hound or grey-hound particularly so: a bad pointer sometimes makes a capital watch-dog. This, by-the-by, brings to my recollection an acquaintance of mine who hunted with the Epping hounds (at least so he said, for I never joined the Hunt). He came to see me, on my promising to mount him to see the (then) King's Hounds and the Old Berkeley; but wishing to show himself a sportsman in every way, he brought down a bran new Manton and (as I afterwards found out) a bran new dog. He stated that he brought but

one, concluding I was a shot. Now I never pointed a gun at a head of game in my life. I used to knock swallows and pigeons about ; and, as a boy, made sad devastation along the hedgerows. I always insisted on the contents of my bag or pockets being made into pies ; and I may fairly assert, that I have devoured more larks, blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, chaffinches, greenfinches, and every other finch, than perhaps any man in England, for nothing came amiss to me. So much for my shooting exploits. On expressing my regret at not having pointers or setters to lend, I offered as a substitute the choice of half a dozen capital bull-terriers, or a French dog, which would ring the bell, fetch my hat, stand on his head, and perform various other exhibitions, and might (for all I know) find game. However, my offer was declined, adding, with a self-satisfied look, that "his *favorite* was quite sufficient single-handed : he had always found him so *whenever* he had tried him." (This was the truth.) Off we went, with a stable-boy carrying a *new* game-pannier. Carlo appeared perfectly steady, which my friend told me he was warranted to be when he *first* bought him, but he did not say that was within three days, and of some fellow in the City Road. Well, he trotted along after us as if he was led in a string. On getting to some fields where I knew birds always laid, his master gave the important wave of his arm, and "Hie on !" Carlo looked very much like wondering what the devil he meant. "Hie away !" cries his master in a louder tone. Carlo looked up in his face, and wagged his tail. His master said he was a timid, meek dog. He patted, and encouraged him. Carlo, in gratitude, saluted him with his dirty paws on the white cords. "Hie on, good dog !" Carlo did now poke his nose into a furrow, very much as if he was looking for a mouse. My poor City friend could stand it no longer : he flew into a rage ; and while I was bursting my sides laughing, he gave Carlo a whack with his gun, who in return gave an awful yell, and then incontinently took to his scrapers, topped the field-gate like a greyhound, and on our going to the hedge to look after the valuable animal, we saw him half a mile on the London high road at top speed ; and as it was but twenty miles to town, I doubt not but Carlo got safe back to his kennel in the City Road before evening. I had asked a couple of friends to meet my City acquaintance, but spared him by not even mentioning Carlo. However, he could not stand the thing. My boy had told the story in the stable and kitchen, and off the Epping hero went the next morning. I dare say I lost a good thing by not seeing him go with hounds.

Now, though I am no shot, I know when a pointer behaves well or not ; and as Carlo certainly afforded me ten times the amusement I should have enjoyed from the best dog Osbaldeston ever shot over, it is ungrateful in me to say a word in his dispraise. But I must candidly allow, that if I did shoot, he was not just the sort I should like. Head was wanting in this case, either in the dog or his tutor, or both.

With many apologies to my readers for this digression, I will now return to the Kennel Huntsman. I must beg my readers not

to suppose the duty of a Huntsman when out of the field to consist merely in seeing his hounds eat their pudding. "Do fox-hounds eat pudding?" I think I hear some schoolboy ask, or perhaps some gentleman who may have left school some forty years (if either happen to read what I have written). Indeed, my good Sir, they do, and beef, and broth, vegetables, milk, and other good things, at times; and, what is more, each gentleman hound is separately invited to dinner, ushered into the dining-room with all proper ceremony, and when there, if he does not conduct himself with proper dog courtesy to his fellow guests, is very severely reprimanded. I am free to allow these said guests, or most of them, do follow the American *table-d'hôte* custom of helping themselves to anything within their reach, eating as fast and as much as they can, and then taking themselves off, the dinner conversation consisting in both cases of an occasional growl when interrupted in the process of bolting, I do not say masticating, their food.

That seeing his hounds get proper quantities, proper medicine, and proper exercise, is one duty of the Huntsman most persons know: but where *head* in him is chiefly required is in the breeding of such hounds as are adapted to his particular country. Hounds that will sail away over the large inclosure and free scenting-ground of Leicestershire would make no hand of some of our cold clayey small inclosed countries, nor would they like the dry flints of Kent. Hounds may be highly bred for some countries, where they hardly dare throw up their heads for twenty strides together, but must pick it out every yard. Such hounds would lose patience, overrun the scent, and in such cases, their blood being up, would hunt anything, aye the Parson of the parish if they got on the scent of him, and possibly kill him too if they ran in to him. God send a *Qui Tam* or two I know in his place!

That great judgment is required in forming a really perfect pack is shown by the fact, that where the Master understands the thing, and will take the trouble of attending to it, we always see the best packs. Few Huntsmen could have got together such a pack as the Raby when Lord Darlington personally attended to the breeding and hunting them; or such as at one time the Ward bitch pack, and some others of the present day. Both the packs I have mentioned I saw when quite a boy, and have never forgotten them. This perfection was, however, the result of years of experience and expense. Hounds must not only have different qualifications as to speed for different countries, but different shape and make. In an open country, where hounds I may say race in to their fox, the tall, very high-bred, and somewhat loose coupled hound is required. In such countries where foxes go long distances in search of prey (and coverts generally lay wide), they (*not the coverts*) are in good wind, seldom over fat, and, knowing they have only speed to trust to to save themselves, go off at once, and go in earnest. If, therefore, their speed is great, what must the pace be to catch them? Such hounds, however, would not do in hilly countries: hills would tire them to death, while their game, being a shorter-legged animal, would beat them hollow. Here the well-knit low

long and broad hound must be had : here positive physical strength is wanting both in hounds and horses. Fine noses are unquestionably most desirable in all hounds and in all countries, but are more indispensable in some instances than in others. I should say, where the very finest are required is in an open bad-scenting country. Here hounds have little or nothing in the shape of fences to stop them ; and for hounds to carry on a slight scent at a racing pace requires the *ne plus ultra* of a nose. A very thickly inclosed country does not allow hounds to go this pace ; consequently, if it is a bad-scenting one, hounds are more disposed to stoop to a scent. Speed also is a great desideratum in a hound ; but, as in horses, there are two distinct sorts of speed, something like that of the greyhound and the rabbit. Now match these to run a hundred yards and *start*, I am not quite certain but bunny would have the best of it. He would get half the distance before the long-tail would get to half his speed. Perhaps we should call the first quickness, the latter speed. It is this sort of rabbit-like quickness we want both in hounds and nags in a very inclosed country ; both must be able to get to their best pace at once. Put me in a country where the fields were only an acre each, and on a quick cob, I would beat old Vivian in his palmy days, unless he is very much altered since the time I knew him ten years since—I mean, altered as to being quick and handy : he is altered enough in every other way. Now these different requisites a Huntsman has to get into his hounds for his particular country, which can only be effected by judicious crosses : are they to be obtained in the first generation. Put a remarkably speedy, dashing, flighty dog to a meek, steady, slow, close line hunting bitch, or *vice versa*, we must not flatter ourselves we shall arrive at the happy medium. We may have got nearer to what we want ; but the produce may be too high or low, may still have too much of the glare and dash of the one parent, or too much of the want of it of the other. We must now cross again, and persevere till we arrive at perfection, or near it. This, it will be perceived, is not come at in two or three seasons ; and, in a general way, I think I shall be found somewhat near the mark when I said that in about four seasons I should like to take a peep at a newly organized pack ; and I then make the proviso, that a *head* of the right sort has been at work for them ; if not, commend me to two or three good terriers in a barn full of rats : I should at all events see some description of sport carried on as it ought to be.

Let me add another thing : I know of few situations a man can be placed in to call forth all the attributes of a perfect gentleman so much as being the Master of Foxhounds : he has so many interests to consult—so many opinions (and many of them ridiculous ones) to listen to—often so much ill-breeding in the field to bear—so many tempers to conciliate—that nothing but the greatest urbanity of manner, added to steady determination, can carry him through ; and this even after he has brought his pack to be all but faultless. I hope my readers will now agree with me, that to manage a pack of fox-hounds, requires more *head* than those who think it does not probably possess.

We now see weekly so many steeple-chases advertised, that we are led to the inference that either it requires very little or no head to ride one, or that the English have become all at once more than usually enlightened. Neither of these premises are, however, the fact, though the increased number of steeple-races is. That numbers of persons do now ride in these races is quite clear; so numbers ride in the Park; yet in both these cases I could pick out a few simple ones. To ride a steeple-chase well, like doing anything else *well*, requires considerable skill; but I cannot consider it requires by many degrees the same skill as riding a flat race. In the latter case, horses are often so very equally matched that the best Jockey is (barring unforeseen circumstances) all but sure to win: if the talents of two Jockeys are very disproportioned, I should say the thing was certain. Now in a steeple-race the thing is not drawn so fine. Many horses start for a steeple-race, the owners and riders of which perfectly well knowing, that unless some accident or mistake, or not happening to be in their best form on that day, occurs to some two or three others, their own has no earthly chance: but such accidents do occur, and their horse is let go, hoping (charitably one would say) that some of these accidents will overtake the favorites. When any of these races end in a close thing, the skill of the Jockey can hardly be shown: both horses are so beat that it is only how far whip and spur and lasting may enable one poor brute to canter in before the other. This is my objection to making steeple-races four miles: it always produces a long tailing business, occasions serious accidents, broken backs and bones, and finally ends in *no race at all*.

In Ireland, at Ashburne, and other two-mile steeple-races, I have seen six or seven horses top the last fence nearly abreast at something like a racing pace, and really an interesting struggle take place—horses blown I will allow, but not worn out by fatigue. Here real jockeyship is available: the horse has something left in him for the Jockey to have recourse to, and head and hands are of importance. A considerable portion of judgment and knowledge of a horse's particular powers are quite requisite in a steeple-race: numbers of those who do ride think little about this; consequently, they would be beat on very superior horses by first-rate riders on bad ones. Some horses, for instance, have extraordinary powers through dirt. I have generally found such horses go well up and down hill. At this game they will go a pace that would choke many others. These horses can generally go nearly the same pace from end to end; whereas in deep soil the more brilliant and faster horse has to be nursed, and must trust to speed when he gets on galloping ground. Some horses require driving at their fences; others, holding hard: some like to go at them, and will do so, in spite of you, like a steam-engine; others would be frightened if rode at them in this way: some horses, like old Vivian, will jump though dead tired; others will only do so (with any safety) when quite fresh (and mighty pleasant animals such are to ride four miles). Many horses, if a little blown, by taking a pull at them will recover, while others will not, but, if once distressed,

put on their night-caps, and desire you to "call on them to-morrow." Geldings I have generally found recover wind sooner than stallions; that is, when in hunting condition: when drawn fine as race-horses, the difference between them is trifling, if any. All these things must be, and are, attended to when we put a first-rate man up to ride. He has a certain stock of animal power given him at starting, and his good judgment teaches him how to husband it, so as to keep the most he can to bring him home again; but he must have a *head* to think and *hands* to do it; and as for *heels*, he will want a little of them too; but, if an artist, he will never use them improperly or when he can do without them.

I saw some very proper remarks made lately in a *Sporting Journal* on the unfairness of the ground marked out for a steeple-chase. Now, I know many of our first-rate riders: I wish them well; and, in proof of this, tell them that if they break all their necks it serves them right. These are *all* valuable men to the *Sporting World*; *many* of them valuable members of society: what the Devil business have they to go risking their necks over *improper* and *unfair* courses to please the gaping multitude, or in obedience to the wishes of men who would not themselves ride over half the course for all the land it covered? If the first-rate riders were all to join and object to unfair courses, they would show their good sense, and the thing would be better arranged. Ordinary hunting fences are dangerous enough at the pace they are forced to ride at them; but to ask men to ride at fences made dangerous *purposely*, and that at a part of the race when horses are beat, is most unfair, unsportsmanlike, selfish, and cruel. If they fancy that an objection on their parts would lay them open to a charge of fear, I would ask, would any man doubt the courage of such men as the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Ponsonby, or Colonel Wyndham, should either or all of these decline a duel with muskets at six paces? Men of their established courage might refuse to face a pop-gun if they chose: so might our known steeple-chase riders refuse to break their bones for the gratification of the public. Would any man suppose Powel, Oliver, M'Donough, and many others, did it through fear, or from any other motive than a duty they really owe to themselves, their families, and friends? I suspect those gentlemen who so obligingly lay out these break-neck courses would hang back a little if, in case of accident, they were called upon to support a man crippled through their kindness. If I had the laying out steeple-race courses, I would on all occasions call in, say five known steeple-chase riders who were *not* to ride in that particular race, and take the majority of their opinions as to the fairness of the course, or of any particular fence in it. This would set the thing to rights. Nor do I consider any man ought to be allowed to mark out a course unless he be a rider himself, or would be willing to ride over it. I have heard many masters order their servants to ride a horse at a fence they dare not attempt themselves; this may be fair enough, if their fear arises from the apprehension of tumbling off; but to ask a servant to ride at a place we think too dangerous in itself to risk our own

necks at, is, I humbly conceive, neither more nor less than a cowardly stretch of power. If I had repeatedly put a horse at a fence, and could not get him to face it, and Oliver happened to be by, I might ask him (knowing him a better horseman than myself) to see what he could do. This would be all fair, and most probably he would succeed: at all events, I will answer for him he would with perfect good humor try. Half the ordinary run of men in riding at fences are forced to occupy their attention in keeping their seats: this gives them quite enough to do; consequently steadying their horses in going to his fence, assisting him in rising at it, and, what is of quite as much importance, supporting him on landing, is out of the question. Now all is done by a horseman: his only fear is that his horse may refuse; that his powers may not be equal to the fence to be got over; or that, from its extreme awkward nature, his horse may fall. Of himself—that is, his seat—he entertains no concern: and I firmly believe, if Powell or Oliver wanted to go to Bath, and their horse could take off at Hyde Park Corner, clearing Windsor Castle in his way, they would consider it as pleasant a mode of transit as you could give them.

Talking of seat, I cannot help mentioning an instance of perfection in this way that came under my notice when seeing Powell riding Primrose in a steeple-race (a sharpish little mare with ten stone on her—I think in this case she carried near, if not quite, twelve). About the middle of the race they had to face a bullfinch, with an honest fifteen-feet brook on the other side: but what constituted the danger was, first, the coming to it was down hill; 2dly, the horses could not see the brook till they rose at the leap; and, thirdly, there was but one narrow penetrable place in the hedge. For this of course they would all make; and I consider, in such a case, racing to it for lead to be one of the most dangerous manœuvres in a steeple-race. Fortunately, Powell had sufficient lead to render this unnecessary: at it he came, and over all he went: the weight told on poor Primrose, and down she came on her knees on landing. This kind of thing, hunting men know by experience, gives one about the same gentle inclination to go over one's horse's ears that a bullet receives from a *quantum suff.* charge of gunpowder. Not so, however, in this case. There sat our friend Powell as cool and erect as one of the Life Guards we see in Parliament Street, his mare as fast held, and his hands in the same place they were when galloping over the preceding meadow. Up he had her, and off before the next horse took the leap. So much for seat. To have this in perfection, and the strongest nerve, are certainly both indispensable if a man means to ride steeple-races, or indeed to hounds, to ride well.

This reminds me of what Tom Belcher once said to a friend of mine, who thought himself pretty much of a man, and wanted to study sparring. Tom looked at him: "Well," said he, "you're big enough, if you're good enough; but before you learn sparring let me ask you one question—Can you bear licking?—for I don't

care how good you may be, you will be sure to find some customer to make you nap it, though you may lick him."

So, if a man is afraid of a fall, he has no business hunting, much less steeple-racing. Still seat and nerve alone will not do. If they were the *ne plus ultra* of a rider, Mr. W. M'Donough would ride better than his brother; for of the two, I should say he was the boldest, or, in alluding to him, I should say the most desperate rider. Why then cannot he ride as well as the other? Why I do not say: but he cannot, and, what is more, never will; and I have no doubt he is aware of it, giving him at the same time every credit for being a very superior horseman. A. M'Donough possesses certain qualifications that must always make him "deserve, if he cannot command success"—great courage, a quick eye to his own and other horses, a good judge of pace, has great patience (a rare quality in a young one), never takes more out of his horse than he can help, and never uses whip or spur without absolute occasion.

I really believe some men are born horsemen. I will mention one in the person of a young man who has lately rode a good deal in England—Byrne. I think I may venture to say he never was on a horse till he was twelve years old: his father was no horseman; nor did the young one ever get his riding education in a School; if he had, he would never have rode as he can. He had a love born in him for horses, and the way *he made himself* a horseman was this: he got leave to ride horses (not race-horses) at exercise, and tumbled off till he learned to stick on; and riding all sorts gave him hands, which he very shortly got to perfection. I know no man living who can make a perfect gentleman's hunter better than Byrne: at the same time, if I was asked whether I would as soon put him on a horse to ride a steeple-race as Oliver, Powell, and some half dozen others, I should say, no: he has not had their experience, though perhaps as horsemen there may be very little difference between them and him.

But, without alluding to natural abilities, experience generally gives *head*: it also (but not always) gives *hands*; every fool has *heels*; and the greater the fool the less likely he is to forget it, or allow his horse to forget it either. I like to see a man ride bold and straight to hounds; but I also like to see him ride with judgment; and, as I have on a former occasion said, I am convinced, in a general way, the men who do ride the straightest distress their horses the least. A bold rider and merely a hard rider are two very different people: the first, in a fair and sportsman-like way, shares the danger with his horse; in fact, risks both their lives and limbs together like an honest fellow: the other merely takes it out of his unfortunate horse where his own dearly and well-beloved neck is in no danger. I hate such a self-loving devil, though I value my neck as much as others, and think a boy of mine was not far out in an observation he made—something like the one made by Abernethy when a patient remarked that it gave him great pain to raise his arm, "what a fool you must be then," said he, "to raise it."—My boy said nearly the same in effect. I was

hunting with Ward : this boy was on a five-year-old, quieting him to hounds. Will, the Whip, was on a beast of a mare they called Long Jane, and long enough, high enough, and lanky enough Long Jane was : in short, as one of the machines for boys to practice gymnastics upon, she would have been invaluable. Poor Will put her at a ditch, and in she went. "D— thy eyes (says Will), I knew thee would'st tumble in when I put thee at it."—"Then what a d— fool you must have been to have done it!" says the boy ; who by-the-bye would ride at anything, the only difference being, he never thought he should fall, or rather his horse. I certainly have rode at many fences where I thought I stood a very fair chance of a purl ; but I certainly never rode at one, where, as Will said, *I knew* I should get one.—A hard rider is another thing. I will mention one who lived on the middle of the hill going from Egham to Englefield Green : his name I forget, but Charles Davis can vouch for the truth of my picture of the man, who always hunted with the King's harriers when Davis whipped in to his father (one of the most respectable and superior men of his standing in life I ever knew). This said hard rider weighed about 14st., and kept a miserable little pony, on which he hunted. He never was quiet. The moment a hound challenged, in went the spurs, and off he was, as if a fox was found in an open country. I believe he hunted the poor pony to death. I met him some time afterwards, when he told me he had bought a regular hunter, and on this he appeared some time afterwards, in the person of a black galloway mare, about 13½ hands, and thin as a lath. If he rode as he did on the pony, what did he do on this superior animal ? He put on the steam in good earnest till she stopped. On my remonstrating with him on his cruelty, he remarked he was always a *hard rider* ! Now this bears me out in what I once stated in my Remarks on Cruelty, "that a man who was cruel to his horse would be found so in every situation in life." I was told a greater brute to a wife never existed than this hard rider. He had neither *head* nor *hands* ; but he had *heels*, and spurs on them for his horse ; and, if report says true, arms and fists, or a stick at the end of them, for his wife. At any rate he saw the end of her.

I make no doubt but the generality of the hunting men of 1844 will contend that hunting never was known in such perfection as during the last twenty years. Quite youngers, I know, think that even twenty years since people knew little about doing it as they think it ought to be done : but as to the sport their fathers enjoyed when of their age, they consider the thing must have been a burlesque upon hunting. These young gentlemen are a little too fast ; and I maintain that hunting may be, nay has already been, too fast. In this I am quite sure many of the best sportsmen will agree with me. It has in fact ceased to be hunting. I love both racing and hunting, but I allow myself to be no admirer of racing-hunting or hunting-racing : the endeavoring to amalgamate them spoils both. Now I call it racing-hunting where hounds come at once on a fox, go off at his brush, and run in to him without a check in twenty minutes. This I am quite willing to allow is very good fun—call

it fun or any other name you like—and I am satisfied ; but no man shall tell me it is FOX-HUNTING. A gentleman in Warwickshire lately bought some fox-hounds : he did not attempt to say he meant fox-hunting ; in fact he never tried for a fox : he avowedly hunted drags. The idea was at first a good deal ridiculed, but it seemed he knew his customers better than they knew themselves, for it took wonderfully ; and when they found it killed their horses, and they rarely could see the end of the run, they all declared it was *inimitable*. Now if he meant this as a keen bit of satire on his friends' knowledge of hunting, he must have enjoyed the thing amazingly over his fire-side, which I dare say he did, for he knows what hunting is, and can ride. Why not have some packs of drag-hounds kept, and make three distinct amusements, all good in their way ! We might then have racing in its legitimate way, when we hope for such a treat ; drag-hunting, when we went galloping and leaping bout ; and hunting, for fox-hunters, instead of two mongrel amusements. What I mean by hunting-racing is that most perfectly ridiculous custom of introducing hurdles on a race-course, and this when it is not attempted to call it a Hunters' Stake. This is also fun perhaps, but certainly not racing : and if it took place at a revel among jumping in sacks and grinning through horse-collars would be a very interesting wind up.

I am sorry to say that I fear we have not quite as much *head* as our ancestors in our system. I hate slow hunting, never liked hare-hunting ; like hounds to go, and keep going ; but I really do think three quarters' speed fast enough for a hunter ; that is, provided he is fast : if he is not, however good he might be in every other qualification, I would never ride him twice. I might be asked, why, if I think hounds may be bred too fast, do I make speed such a *sine qua non* in a hunter ? I will answer this by an observation on a different subject. Whenever I want a buggy-horse, I always try him, and my trial gives far less trouble than most people's, but it is one I never found fail. I first put my horse in a moderate trot—say eight miles an hour—at the bottom of a moderate hill ; if he *willingly* keeps the same pace up to the top, I have seldom found him a bad mettled one : if, on the contrary, he begins lagging, hitching in his pace, or shuffling, I have had trial enough : depend on it he is a rogue or a very weak horse. So much for gameness : for this, though no great trial, it may be said, is a pretty fair criterion to judge by. Now for pace, I always try a horse one mile : if he cannot do that with the most perfect ease a few seconds under four minutes, I never buy him. As a regular buggy-horse for the road, a horse merely to drive in London streets, it is another thing. Here showy action only is wanted. Now I do not want to drive twenty miles faster than other people, but I will have fast ones, for two reasons ; I do like now and then, if I find some one on the road driving at me because he thinks he has a goer, to take the conceit out of him. Half a mile does this, and gets rid of him : he then leaves you to enjoy your own dust, if there is any, without the pleasing addition of his. But a far more sensible reason for liking a fast one is this : if he can trot at the

rate of seventeen miles an hour, going at the rate of ten is play to him. So it is with a hunter : if he is fast enough to catch hounds, he can go with them without distress as to pace : if he is not fast, and *very* fast, he cannot, and indeed not always even when he is. Speed I must maintain to be the first thing to look at in purchasing a hunter, or a horse to make one of ; and if my friends will be kind enough to find me in speed, I will find myself in neck and jumping.

Comparatively speaking, they can all jump if we choose to make them : but they cannot all go. There is not one horse in fifty, with the size, shape, make, and breed of a hunter, that cannot *if he pleases* take any ordinary fence we meet with in crossing a country. I may be told that perhaps he may not *please* to do this : this is by no means improbable : we see this sometimes with the best of them, even with Steeple-chase horses. In such a particular case, and at that particular fence, we may possibly be beat ; but if he in a *general* way should not please to jump, he must then put his patience and determination to the test with mine. I will answer for it, in nineteen cases out of twenty I teach him he must jump when and where *I please* : but I cannot make him go if there is no *go* in him, and it would be folly and cruelty to attempt it. *Head, hands, and heels* may make him a fencer, but they can't make him a *goer*.

HARRY HIE'OVER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Resumed from our June Number, page 362.

READING in the paper the other night the death of the Earl of Lonsdale, I blew for Forester, who, seeing the paper in my hand, exclaimed, "What, another run!"—"No," said I, "I have to communicate to you the melancholy intelligence of the death of your esteemed patron, Lord Lonsdale." He spoke not, his large eyes filled with tears, and with a drooping stern he walked out of the room. Several times during the evening a long melancholy howl reverberating through the stillness of the night, proclaimed the anguish his affectionate heart underwent. When he came in, in the morning, his dejected and haggard look showed he had had but little rest ; he mournfully exclaimed, "If it is the pride of England to boast of her unrivalled sportsmen, she has now sustained a loss that ages cannot repair. I have been in most packs in England, and have heard the opinions and sentiments of their masters and their fields, and I unhesitatingly assert that he knew more of the science, more of the nature of the animal he was in pursuit of, and more of the hound, than all the fields put together. May I ask you," said he, "if you were called upon to select two men to

rear, feed, hunt, and discipline a pack of fox-hounds, out of all the men you have heard and read of, who would you select?"—"William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington," was my answer.—"Noble!" said he; "and I hope posterity will do my dear old master the justice to associate him in their memories with those talented and distinguished individuals."—"As you appear to feel this loss most acutely, and your spirits are much depressed, I think as we are going out with the hounds you had better join us; your own good sense will direct you not to go faster than they do; and it will afford a subject for discussion when we return."—"Agreed," said he; and we started.

When we arrived at the ground where I intended to commence, he said, "I have observed for the last mile that neither of you have ridden on a path or headland, and have always gone on the *down wind side* of a road."—"The reason is," said I, "I expect to find here, and as hares generally run the hard and dry paths, she will probably run these hedge-sides we have come down, and the stain of the horses and yourselves will prevent you getting on with it."—"Thank you," said he "there is more sense in the remark than I gave any of you credit for possessing." We threw them off, and had got rather more than half way over the ground, when they began to feather. Forester joined them, and coming up to me, said, "Here is a good trail; let us alone, and keep away from us." As she had been making her work very short, the old gentleman made a steady wide cast forward, and not touching it, he came round behind them under the hedge, and stopping at a meuse, feathered very eagerly, went through it, and spoke. I cantered up to him, and beckoning him to me, said in a very low voice, "Are you sure you are not counter?" He said, "By the strength of the trail, I think she went through into the grass-field, and came back, and is laid up on this old plough; but you are up-wind of us; keep much farther back, and let us alone." They carried it up a furrow, and backward and forward across the land. He looked at me, and nodded, as much as to say, "it is all right." At length Paragon pushed her up, and away she went back under *three* of the hedge-sides we had so lately come down, but from the precaution we had taken, it did not stop them. They carried it to a village road, where some farm-teams had been at dung-cart, and of course there was an end to it. We now watched Forester very closely, and perceived that when he came through the meuse into the road, he stopped, and felt which way she inclined before she reached the cart-way; and finding it was to the left, he set off to the left, and kept on till he got *beyond* the gate where the carts had turned in. He then very steadily felt the road, and spoke; the others flew to him, and carried it slowly along the road for a furlong, when Maiden, who is always looking out for a meuse, hit it through the hedge to the left, and they now ran it hard for about two miles into an old rough common, and flew with it on a high joint way. From the pace, the Huntsman and myself judged it was a double, and pulled up; and it was so. When they got to the end of it, they all came swinging back; but Forester, who not being up to

the dodges of a hare, could not understand it; he stared at them for a moment, and then made a dashing cast forward; but the others, hitting it where she broke her foil, threw him a long way out. As she made a great deal of work, he was repeatedly puzzled at it; but, getting to the head, he ran very hard down to a brook, into which he plunged, and fell forward: the others, more awake, knew it was a double; came back and hit it to the right: he came back over the brook, and as he was going past me, "Out again, old gentleman," said I.—"I shall find it out in time," said he. She had now been creeping about some rushes, running very short: as he was angry when he got hold of it, he dashed with it, but it was immediately away from him. He dropped his stern, and looked very foolish. The little ones carried it through all the difficulties till they got to the further side of the common, where she had evidently waited for them; for they ran very hard to another part of the brook, over which he jumped, and the other, being obliged to swim, it gave him a lead of fifty yards. I went to a bridge lower down, and having a long grass headland before me, made play up it, where he luckily bent to me: when he came up, "Gently, old boy," said I: "you will blow them."—"I am determined," said he, "to show I can make as much of a scent as they can."—"Yes," said I, "you are like all the rest of the world; you are very clever when every thing is done for you: if it had not been for them you would not have been off the common this half-hour; and where would your scent have been then?—The others had now come up, and they ran very hard for twenty-five minutes into a small gorse covert, where she had again waited; for when they came out, they ran very hard up the wind, and were evidently very near her. I ran my eye forward to a bit of plough on the side of a hill, and saw her at work upon it. I stood still, saw her make all her doubles, and lay up. They had now got on to the plough, and were hunting it beautifully. Where she had doubled in a furrow, Forester took it up, and dashed on with it. Again he went too far, and the others were evidently enjoying his perplexities, when, after a great deal of work, Merriman winded her, and pushed her up. The old gentleman, enraged at being so often defeated, set at her with a determination to kill her, for from the pace they had sent her along it was pretty well out of her. In spite of my rating him, he pressed her through three or four fields in view, and blew her; at length, bringing her back, the others met her and pulled her down.

After dinner, I sent for him into the room. "Well, Sir," said I, "what do you think of hare-hunting?"—"It is," said he, "unquestionably the finest exercise for the mind of any earthly pursuit; if a hound or Huntsman possessed the greatest genius of the greatest general that ever breathed, a knowing hare would call it all into action. The hare to-day, you say, displayed a very common share of intellect; yet I was never so bothered and confused in my life."—"And you may add angry," said I. "If with such a scent and such a run of luck as this you lost your temper, you would have gone wild had we met with a good hare, and lots of difficulties.

Suppose we had a large disobedient Field out, what would you have done?"—"Gone home," said he, "as old Menton used to do at Cottesmore; and when asked why he did so, replied, 'that he was ashamed to be seen with such a set of fools.' Taken all together," said he, "hare hunting, when practised *fairly*, would puzzle the most intelligent hound and the wisest Huntsman: but I understand there are men who hunt hares, and, although they take every brutal cowardly advantage of a weak inoffensive little animal, call themselves *Sportsmen*. Perish the name, if it is only to be acquired by such sanguinary, ferocious, and cowardly proceeding! Give scope to all her subtle play, and if you do not unfairly overmatch her, she will display much more sagacity than the fox."

"Then how came you to set so obstinately at this hare to-day?" said I: "but for your over-powering strides she would have stood ten minutes or a quarter of an hour longer. You perceive I did not applaud you for it; and as you had experienced sufficient mortification at being beat by the others, I would not increase it by condemning you. So much for hare-hunting. I have now a circumstance to narrate that I hope will restore the placid equanimity of your philosophic mind. We were running a hare in Hertfordshire, and were joined by a great admirer of the silent and leave-alone system; and who, whenever he met us, was constantly urging me to prevail on you to go more at large into your *dictation*. 'We had,' said he, 'the other day, with the Puckeridge, such a proof of the correctness of his advice,' and he began to tell me, when I stopped him by saying, 'write me all the particulars of it.' It came not: I wrote to him, and I have not heard from him. If he is dead, or left the country, or sulky, I know not and care not, but as I understand it, the case was this:—

"The Puckeridge ran a fox hard into a covert, of which I cannot recollect the name. When they got into the middle of it, they turned short to the right, and went away with a fox, which, after a pretty thirty minutes, they killed. In telling over the hounds, old *Dairymaid* and two couple of others were missing. The man who rode second horse remarked, 'when you went away with this fox to the right, I saw *Dairymaid* and two couple of others come out of the covert, running very hard in such a direction.' One of the Whips was sent off in search of them. When he arrived at (I think I was told) Mr. Calvert's, he was beckoned by that Gentleman to him. 'What are you looking for young man?' said he. —'Two couple and a half of hounds, Sir,' was the reply.—'Then come with me,' and opening a stable door, 'Are these them?'—'Yes, Sir, and I am obliged to you for shutting them up; and was turning away: 'Stop,' said he, and opening another door, pulled out a fine dead fox; 'and this,' said he, 'was what they were in pursuit of!—I was walking,' continued he, 'in front of the house, and hearing some hounds coming, I kept a good look-out, and viewed the fox going under yon hedge, followed shortly after by these hounds. Seeing no other hounds come, and not a horse with them, I concluded they had slipped away unseen with a fox;

and expecting somebody might come in search of them, I waited about to inform them what I had seen. At the end of half an hour I fancied I heard some hounds in the direction they were gone, and looking anxiously out, I was surprised to see the fox coming back, and the little lot within a few yards of him; and they knocked him over on the lawn in front of the house.' That is the account I received to the best of my recollection; and if any Hertfordshire man who was out with them should find it in some particulars erroneous, he must attribute it to the indolence and lukewarmness of my narrator, who appeared so extremely anxious it should be published, yet would not take the trouble to send me the particulars of the performances of *Dairymaid*, whom he almost idolizes.

"I have two other runs to mention, that must carry conviction to the most obdurate mind. Late in the season, I went to meet some hounds where the Huntsman was notorious for his incessant hallooing and blowing, and consequently his very great want of success. Although hunting three or four days a-week they had a most beggarly show of noses. To my surprise, when the hounds were thrown in, not a word was spoke: they drew two or three coverts blank, and I neither heard voice nor horn. 'How is this?' said I.—'He leaves next week,' was the answer. At length they found—all was silent. The hounds quickly got together, and not being confused by horn or halloo, stuck to him well and steadily to the lower end of the covert, where they came tumbling out one over another all of a lump, and settled well to it: he was gone, and luckily not viewed: they drove him through a long line of coverts, and if by chance they swung off it, up went the Master's hand (who had never interfered before): 'Let them alone,' said he. They were soon on it again, and after running a half circle of country, pulled him down just as he was jumping into a wood eight miles from the find.

"A few days after, and which was the last of their season, I saw in a provincial paper that the same hounds, under the silent system, ran their fox two hours and forty minutes with a glorious termination."—"Well," said Forester, 'if all the instances you have quoted are not sufficient to convince the most incredulous, neither would they believe though one rose from the dead. The two last cases are particularly strong. Here is a pack, that through the former part of the season, from the noisy and injudicious interference of their Huntsman, could not shew the ghost of a run, at the latter end of it are let alone, and kill their foxes in the most workmanlike manner. It unfortunately happens that there is no standard by which the sporting knowledge of men can be judged. In the sciences, if one man can perform what another cannot, he of course takes a higher degree in society: but in hunting, some jackass—some thing that has been out half a dozen times—gets some absurdity into his head, which he fancies is a knowledge of hunting, and all the practice, all the experience of Dean, of Sebright, are as dust in the balance when weighed against his self-sufficiency. My blood boils with more than common indignation

when I hear the remarks of such empty-headed wretches ; but, as has been before said, there is a fool born every minute, so we must regard their ignorance as one of the misfortunes of hunting."

"You will excuse my remarking," said Forester, "but since your fall you have become unusually slack."—"The fact is," said I, "the concussion has so deranged, so confused my ideas, that everything is a trouble to me. Even the task of listening to and transcribing your dictation, which was one of my greatest pleasures, is now irksome and tedious ; neither do I know yet what may be the end of it; for I feel at intervals some very strange sensations ; but should it terminate fatally, I hope I shall not leave this world without a grateful remembrance and thanksgiving to that kind Power who for the last fifty years has enabled me four days a-week to enjoy the greatest blessing that Heaven can bestow on mortals."

"Well!" said Forester, "since you appear so unwell, we had better bring this article to a close ; but before we do so, I wish to impress on the minds of your Readers these two important points—to let the *hounds alone* and *study the wind* : on these two hangs all the success in hunting : but let them, by avoiding Scylla mind they do not split on Charybdis. When I say, 'stand still and let them alone,' I do not mean that the Huntsman should stand still till he took root, but just stop long enough for the hounds to satisfy themselves the scent is not at the point they are trying. They then will go cheerfully with him to try another ; and, above all things, let him keep his eye on his old hounds."

Talk to who you will, they are all for introducing some new-fangled theory ; but it is not likely at our age that we should abandon to the invasion of audacious novelties sentiments which we have received so early and maintained so long—that have been fortified by the applause of the Wise and the assent of the Great—which we have dictated to so many worthy friends, and endeavored to support against so many distinguished opponents. Men who attain happiness in their early pursuits repose with tranquil confidence on their first creed, and regard as a transient madness that stream of human opinion that would sweep their exploits into oblivion.

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

TROTting TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

The proprietors of the Centreville Course, L. I., announce a novelty which promises to rival in interest the Hurdle Race on the Beacon Course, in the shape of a purse of \$1000 to any one who will perform, with trotter or pacer, Twenty Miles in an Hour. This feat has never been performed by a trotting or pacing horse, in this country or in England, though repeated attempts have been made; the trial has failed generally, owing to the exhaustion of the jockey. We have great faith in the ability of several horses here to do it, but the risk of injury is so great that liberal inducements would be required by their owners, before allowing them to start. Joe Laird or Gil. Patrick could ride the match and win with Lady Suffolk, Americus, and others, not obliged to carry extra weight. The regular trotting weight of 145 lbs. is the one fixed upon by the proprietors of the Centreville Course, but horses are allowed to go under the saddle, in harness, or as they please. The horse 1st performing the distance is to receive \$800, the 2d \$200. Should the distance not be performed within the hour, the 1st horse out is to receive the \$200. The match is announced to come off on the 4th Monday, 23d of Sept. Three or more will make a field, and entries will close on the 2d Sept. at 9 o'clock, at Jones's Second Ward Hotel, Nassau street.

We remarked above that no horse had ever trotted Twenty Miles within an hour, but so great has been the improvement in training, in the courses, and the horses themselves, that we shall not be surprised to see this feat accomplished. Lady Suffolk and Rifle, in 1842, trotted Two miles in *double harness*, in 5:19! Americus in a wagon, (in 1841, on the Centreville Course,) trotted *Five* mile heats in 13:58—13:58½, or Ten miles in 27:56½. He trotted the 10th mile in 2:44½. Lady Suffolk was his competitor; the match was for \$5 500.

Over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, in 1829, Topgallant trotted, in harness, Twelve miles in 38 minutes.

Yankee Sal, over the very deep sandy course at Providence, R. I., trotted Fifteen miles and a half, in 48:43.

Lady Kate, a small mare 15 hands high, trotted at Baltimore, Sixteen miles in 56:13, with ease.

On the Centreville Course, in 1831, Jerry trotted Seventeen miles in 58 minutes!

In 1829, Tom Thumb trotted in harness, a match, in England, vs. Time, in which he went Sixteen miles and a half in 56:45. He trotted on a measured course, laid out on a road, on a very warm day in a heavy sulky!

In 1836, Mount Holly trotted Seventeen miles in 53:18, without distress, over the Hunting Park Course, though miserably jockeyed.

Pelham, without any training, trotted Sixteen miles in 58:28; he went the 1st seven miles in harness, in 26:29, when the sulky giving way, he was saddled and ridden by Wallace, whose personal weight was 160 lbs.

Paul Pry, in 1833, on the Union Course, L. I., trotted Eighteen miles in 58:52. He was jockeyed by Hiram Woodruff, then weighing 138 lbs. Mr. McLEOD, his then owner, had backed him to trot 17½ miles within the hour. Paul Pry died last year in this city at the age of 20 to 21, the property of Mr. NIBLO, and though "a rum 'un to look at," he was "a good 'un to go," up to the day of his death.

In 1831, Chancellor trotted Thirty-two miles over the Hunting Park Course, in 1h. 58m. 31s. He was ridden by a lad, and trotted the 32d mile, to save a bet, in 3:07!

On the same course, in Oct. of the same year, Whalebone trotted in harness Thirty-two miles in 1h. 58m. 5s. In going the 14th mile his sulky gave way, and was replaced by a very heavy one. The course at this time, in the sulky track, was fifty feet over a mile!

In Sept., 1839, Empress trotted on the Beacon Course, in harness, Thirty-three miles in 1h. 58m. 55s.

In July, 1835, Black Joke was driven by Mr. Henry Jones in a common sulky, without training, on Jenks' heavy Course, near Providence, R. I., Fifty miles in 3h. 57s., in a tremendous storm of rain. A fine picture of this match may be seen at Mr. JONES's Second Ward Hotel. Mr J.'s own weight was 178 lbs. at the time; the day was most oppressively warm. Black Joke was eight years old, and like Tom Thumb, was thought to have been caught wild on the Prairies of Missouri.

Mischief, in July, 1837, trotted Eighty-four miles in 8h. 30m, in harness, on the road between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Her match was to trot 90 miles in 10 hours. The day was excessively warm, and Mischief lost the match through the heedlessness of a groom, who threw a pail of water over her loins with a view of cooling her—the blockhead.

In Feb., 1839, Tom Thumb, driven by Haggerty, (weighing over 140 lbs.), in a match cart weighing 108 lbs., trotted One Hundred miles, over Sunbury Common, in 10h. 7m., with comparative ease. He was but fourteen and a half hands high! He was as fine as a star the day after the match, and walked twenty miles.

In Feb. 1828, a pair of stage horses on Long Island trotted One Hundred Miles on the Jamaica turnpike in 11 h. 54 m. A pair also trotted from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, the extreme length of the Island—about One Hundred and twenty-six miles—in twenty-four hours! The match was made by Mr. Willis, the stage proprietor, at Hempstead, who drove a pair of old mares that had been driven for years as leaders in his stage team. A good joke is told of this match, but we do not vouch for its authenticity. A short time before the match was to come off Mr. W. selected his horses, and to make assurance doubly sure, as he thought, actually drove them the entire distance in a trial, to ascertain whether it would be safe to lay out his money on the match! If any one has heard of a longer private trial we should like to hear of it! The match was driven during a North-east snow-storm dead ahead! But the last fifty miles Willis partly avoided this by engaging a large Rockaway covered wagon to go before him, out of which the bottom was mostly taken, so that he could drive his mares quite up to the axle-tree, and almost under cover! We "think we see" a man "getting ahead" of a Long Island Yankee!—we do.

In May 31, 1834 Mr. B. R. THEALL, of this city, for a match of \$2,000, trotted a pair of his carriage horses, in double harness, over the Centreville Course, L. I., One Hundred miles in 9h 48 m. 48 s.! which being added to the time taken by the stoppages (28:34), gives the total time Ten Hours, seventeen minutes, twenty-two seconds! The time allowed was 10:20, so that Mr. T. won the match by two minutes and thirty-eight seconds! One of the horses, Master Burke, was not distressed, though for thirty miles he had to pull along his partner, Robin, who "played the old soldier." Both were entirely recovered in a day or two.

P.S. Since writing the article above, we have been informed that upon remonstrance the proprietors have changed the conditions of the Match *vs.* Time, so far as the weights previously advertised are concerned. Instead of the usual trotting weights (145lbs.), catch weights will be allowed. We shall, therefore, not be surprised to see Gil. Patrick, Young Laird, and Craig across the pig skin on the occasion.

Grey Medoc.—This renowned winner, whose performances have conferred so much lustre on the Louisiana Turf, is in training in Kentucky to "fight his battles o'er again!" He is in the hands of Small, who has Mr. GEORGE KENNER's string of five, opposite Cincinnati. GRAVES, who trains the long string of the Brothers K., of Louisiana, at the seat of DUNCAN F. KENNER, Esq., at Ashland, "on the Coast," above N.O., already has his hands full, we presume. In the latter stable is Gallwey, who will doubtless be nominated in the great four mile stake on the Metairie Course.

Notes of the Month.

SEPTEMBER.

The Fall Meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club will commence on the Union Course, L. I., on the 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct. In addition to several sweepstakes, purses of \$200 for Two mile heats, \$400 for Three mile heats, and a liberal purse for Four mile heats, will be given. There is every prospect that two crack stables from Virginia, and one from Maryland will be in attendance. In the event of there being a competitor for Fashion here from the South, the purse for Four mile heats will doubtless be enlarged.

Letters have been received in town from Messrs. WILLIAMSON, of Va., P. R. JOHNSON, of Md., and others, expressing their intention of attending this meeting with their stables, which comprise Regent, The Colonel, Taglioni, Victor, Marchioness, etc. As Register is doing so well this season, we trust Col. THOMPSON, of Md., may be induced to extend his trip to the North with him and others. It is not by any means positively determined upon that Blue Dick and Midas go to New Orleans. If that speculation is given up they doubtless will both be on the ground here, so that the Fall Meeting would be rendered one of the most brilliant which has been held here for many years.

A correspondence has been opened with the parties named above and others, with a view to secure their attendance.

Racing on the Beacon Course, Hoboken.—In the event of the visit to the North of any distinguished stable of horses from Virginia or Maryland, by which good fields can be made up, he will give a purse of \$1,200 for Four mile heats, and also liberal purses for Three and Two mile heats.

The Camden Races will commence on the 22d October. We are authorised to state that "the purses will be very nearly as formerly, *not omitting a four mile day!*"

All the Stakes opened by the Louisiana Association have filled well. Their Fall Meeting commences on the Eclipse Course, N. O., on the 9th Dec.

The annexed *Letter* from Mr. KIRKMAN, on the subject of sending his stable to England, will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. We learn that since his determination to decline the enterprise, *Peytona* has been nominated in the great Four Mile Stake at New Orleans, which comes off over the Metairie Course. She will be a most formidable competitor. For the purpose of acclimating his horses, Mr. K. summers them at Mobile, where they are in Van Leer's hands at the Bascombe Course.

Florence, Ala. August 1st. 1844.

Mr. Editor—As you have alluded to my intention of sending horses to England to contend for the Goodwood Cup, it may be proper to inform the Public through the "Spirit of the Times" that I have declined the Adventure, at least for the present.

As the expense would be considerable I desired to back my horses before leaving home to an amount that would justify the outlay. I intended sending a stable of three horses, and had been lead to expect that the odds against my lot would be 30 to 1, having to cross the Atlantic, and with the stipulated *dis-advantage* of its being trained and ridden by Americans.

Mr. TATTERSALL writes to me that I must designate my horses and that the highest odds I could obtain would be 20 to 1. This is not commensurate with the risk in a stake of probably 50 entries; and as it allows nothing for the dangers for the voyage ought not to be accepted until safe in England.

Yours Respectfully,

T. KIRKMAN.

That Fifth Nomination.—Col. Oliver has named, as the last "Spirit of the Times" anticipated, Mr. DUNCAN F. KENNER's colt *Pat Gallwey*, in the great stake to come off over the Metairie Course next fall. Thus it is filled up with Peytona, Ruffin, Blue Dick, Midas and Pat—five of the best approved, good horses in the country, leaving out Fashion. The reader will recollect that the subscription to the stake was \$2 000, \$500 forfeit. The other stakes advertised for this meeting, failed to fill. Of the different stables we hear but little very lately. A letter from Mobile, received a day or two since, represents Mr. Kirkman's long string as all moving favorably.

N. O. Picayune of the 13th instant.

We are somewhat surprised that *Ann Hayes* was not put in nomination. "Rover" writes us from Lexington, Ky., under date of the 16th inst., that she has arrived there, in fine health. "She has grown greatly, and has much improved in appearance. She is much larger than I had imagined, being 15-2—a rich bay. Her shoulders and hips cannot be improved." So writes "Rover."

Racing Prospects in Kentucky—"Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on," so far as Old Kentucky is concerned. The Louisville "Morning Courier," of the 23d July, gives us the gratifying intelligence annexed:—

OAKLAND COURSE.—RACING PROSPECTS.—We have every reason to believe that the prospects of racing were never so flattering in Kentucky as they are at this time; the number of horses now in training, exceeds by large odds more than ever were taken up at any one time before. Col. Metcalfe seems to have excited the whole of the breeders of Kentucky into action, by his liberal purses, and his untiring efforts to promote the best interests of those raising or training horses. At the last Spring Races, he gave universal satisfaction, and we hope that he may be well rewarded for his exertions, at the coming Fall Meeting, which promises to be a brilliant one. The large number of stakes to be run for, and public purses, will draw an immense crowd. The **STALLION STAKE**, which comes off the first day, will of itself attract a large assemblage, bringing together the get of ten of the best stallions in the country. We already hear of seven of the nominations in training, viz: Grey Eagle, Wagner, Cripple, Monmouth Eclipse, Monarch, (the entry of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, now in training at Lexington,) Valparaiso, and John Bascombe. With the best colts of the get of the above-mentioned stallions, it would not surprise us to hear of the best race that has ever been run in America—and will add much to the popularity of the stallion whose colt may be so fortunate as to win. The stake was made in 1840, to be run the Fall they were three years old; \$500 subscription, P. P.; two mile heats. We can also add the names of those gentlemen now having horses trained, viz: James L. Bradley has seven up; F. G. Murphy & Co. five; Wila Viley four; James Shy eight; H. W. Faris six; George Bradley 4; Geo. Kenner (Small, trainer) five, among which is Grey Medoc; Robert Wooding four; Col. Wm. Buford eight; S. Davenport four; S. T. Drane four; Jos. G. Boswell (Vanatter, trainer) five; A. Hikes and John Armstrong nine, with Consol Jr. and Miss Clash at the head; William Stewart, six, trainer for Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who has the horses of Mr. Duke also in training; F. Herr four; F. G. Brengman (W. Budd, trainer) four, Tiberius by Priam, and Gen. Knox by Woodpecker, are in this string; Sam Hicks four, training in the ponds at Shively's; Wm. Baird five, Dan Tucker by imp. Belshazzar, and St. Charles by imp. Jordan, both winners and crackers; Ben Maloney two; making, in all, ninety six horses. We can say to our friends abroad, that if they want to see racing on a grand scale, to pay Oakland a visit this fall, and our word for it, they will not be disappointed.

"Rover" writes us from Lexington, Ky., under date of the 16th ult., to the following effect:—

"I have never known a better prospect for good racing than the present. The surrounding country is completely dotted with horses in training. The Association are awakened to the fact, and have greatly increased the amount of the purses. Col. METCALFE, at Louisville, is alive and kicking, preparing for a brilliant meeting.

"I fear, from all I can ascertain, that the "Stallion Stake" will fall through. The under-current has been very strong against it, and some of the interested parties assume, to my notion, a strange position."

The Great Four Mile Stake at New Orleans, which is to come off over the Metairie Course on the 3d day of Dec. next, closed on Wednesday last. Five subscribers were obtained immediately upon its being opened, and very possibly it closed with two or three more. Of the nominations we only know positively of those of Blue Dick and Midas; the forfeits (\$500 each,) accompanying their nomination were forwarded to the Secretary of the Jockey Club, J. KIRKMAN, Esq., some days since. As they are in the same stable (Col. Wm. R. JOHNSON'S) the best of the two on the day, will be started. A subscriber to the stake who was in this city a few weeks since will probably nominate Messrs. KENNER'S *Gallwey*. It was thought that *Ruffin* and *Ann Hayes* would certainly start. At our last advices it was extremely doubtful if any thing in the Alabama stable of THOS. KIRKMAN, Esq., would be nominated, owing to distant engagements; the string of this gentleman comprises Peytona, Cracovienne, Sartin, and others. "The incomprehensible *Kate Aubrey*," of the Brothers KENNER, is one of the most formidable "available" nominations to the great stake, to our notion, though the list of candidates includes George Martin, Grey Medoc, Berenice, Norma, Greyhead, Music, Consol, Jr., Motto, Joe Chalmers, Creath, and others whose names do not at this moment occur to us.

The *Post Stake*, four mile heats, of the Louisiana Association, which closed with seven subscribers at \$500 each, to come off over the Eclipse Course, on the 2d week of Dec., will doubtless bring together a majority of the "available candidates" just alluded to. If Arthur Taylor brings Midas to the post "in *Johnsonian order*," it will be necessary to "hurry the corpse" to escape "crowding the mourners!" Let "Rover" mark that!

Fashion came very near going to New Orleans this winter! Had engagements allowed Mr. LAIRD to accompany her, she would have gone "sure," the most liberal offers having been made him. Her owner, in the most generous and sportsmanlike manner offered her services *gratis* to her friends, merely insisting that his mare should be accompanied by the Laids—father and son—her trainer and jockey ever since she came on the Turf.

Mr. GIBBONS' *Yamacraw*, the own brother to *Mariner*, is not to be trained until next Spring, by which time his form will have become matured and "set." He is a large strapping colt, and as well bred as any "native" can be, being by Shark out of Bonnets o' Blue. *Caliph*, that was sent to Mr. LAIRD'S, with *Fashion* and *Edith*, is 4 yrs. old; he is by Imp. *Emanicipation*, out of *Jemima Wilkinson*, and very promising.

Another Turfman gone!—We regret to hear of the recent death of FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of Manchac, Parish of Baton Rouge, La. Mr. D. was one of the oldest breeders and turfmen in Louisiana; he had a stable of fine horses at the period of his decease, including the renowned George Martin, Creath, and other distinguished winners.

New Course in Ohio.—A very handsome race course is now being prepared within two miles of Dayton, on the Brushy prairie. It is to bear the name of "Montgomery Course," and a week's racing is to come off over it, commencing on the 23d of Sept. Dr. CLEMENTS and several other influential breeders have taken the matter up with spirit, and we hope to see Ohio stables contending manfully with those of Kentucky in the course of a few years.

Col. A. L. BINGAMAN of Natchez, Miss., has nominated *Ruffin*, in the great Four Mile Stake to come off over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, on the 3rd Dec.

Col. JAMES WILLIAMSON, of Clarksville, Va., has already got a string in training for the ensuing campaign of no less than *ten*! It comprises Regent, Taghioni, and Marchioness. Among the dark horses in the stable are the get of Margrave, Rowton, Trustee and Steel. We learn that in all probability Col. W. will come as far North as Long Island, this season. Every one here will be glad to see him and his. He has up breaking two of Boston's colts, one of which has the finest possible action. His Margrave colt is out of the Maid of Southampton, 4 yrs., and he has a slashing Rowton filly which promises to go the pace with Midas—the best Rowton ever bred in the country.

Races in South Alabama.—The parties interested have agreed to change the period fixed for several meetings in Alabama, so that they shall not conflict. Accordingly, the Hayneville races will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.—the Montgomery, on the 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.—the Selma, on the 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan.

Mr. JOHN CLARK has leased the Bertrand Course at Montgomery, and the course at Selma, Ala., for two and three years respectively. He hopes to make the purses double in amount to what they were at the last meeting. A subscription of over \$1000 will be raised at Selma, in aid of the course. A great number of horses are in training in South Alabama this season, including Hannah Harris (Bascombe's sister) and St. Cloud, both of whom, we hear, are to go into the stable of Brown and Myers. Col. CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, has promised to attend these meetings, with Little Prince and several fine Bascombe colts. Two stables from Tennessee, and as many more from North Alabama, are expected to attend.

JOHN ALCOCK at Richmond, Va., among other promising young things, has a colt of Dr. PAYNE's that is thought to be "one of 'em." It is by Priam out of Baltimore's dam, and is engaged in stakes at the Kendall Course and at Newmarket. Alcock has also Fanny Robinson (by Priam out of Arietta)—the Priam mare out of Julia Burton's dam, and Ann Howard. In the stake at Newmarket, referred to, there were six nominations when last heard from, Gen. M. T. HAWKINS, of N. C. making the 6th.

THOMAS D. WATSON, has "they say," a "rousing" string up for the ensuing campaign, comprising Patsey Anthony, (which he bought at \$1,200)—the Priam filly out of Canary and Marv Lea—the Fanny Wyatt colt by Priam (said to be the finest of P's get in the U.S.) an Andrew, and two 3 yr old Priams, one out of the dam of Midas. The two last referred to are engaged in stakes, at Baltimore and Petersburg.

The Priam filly *Patsey Anthony*, (out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus, by Virginian) now 4 yrs old, is "bound" to "tackle" Fashion during the Fall campaign, if Blue Dick goes to New Orleans! So says one of our North Carolina correspondents, who adds, "If I had a stable I should like Fashion and Patsey Anthony to go South, out of my way!" The filly referred to is in Mr. HARE's stable at Petersburg.

The late Mr. JACKSON's Stud.—We learn that there will be another draft from this extensive stud sold at New Orleans, during the ensuing races. The lot will comprise, probably, from ten to fifteen colts and fillies, from 1 to 3 yrs. old. These young things are out of the most fashionably bred mares in the country, all of them the dams of winners. Such an opportunity rarely offers for strengthening a stable, as the lot is sold without reserve and reasonably.

Baltimore Trial Races.—We are desired to announce that these races over the Kendall Course will commence on the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, and continue three days. The regular Jockey Club Meeting will come off as previously announced, in the 3d week of October. Three matches are to come off at the Trial Meeting. One is between P. R. Johnson's *Victor* and R. J. Worthington's *Kate Coy*, and another, for \$500, two mile heats, between Mr. Johnson's *The Colonel* and T. R. S. Boyce's *Oh See*.

An addition has recently been made to our Cabinet of Curiosities by a gallant officer of the Navy, who has just returned home in the frigate *Potomac*. The "Livvin, live ratell snax" of Pennsylvania "dont begin" to compare with the original native Texan now to be seen at this office in the shape of—a *Horned Frog*! This little joker is eminently entitled to the consideration of Father Mathew and the Ebenezer Temperance Societies. He really goes in for *total abstinence*, for he has neither eat nor drank for three months! He appears to regard with "perfect despise," too, his jumping contemporaries of this country, for his "action" is first rate and he runs like a scared dog. We intend sending him to Boston to spend a week or two with the "Striped Pig," when assured of "a first rate notice in the Morning Post!"

We hear that Mr. ROUZAN, of Louisiana, a gentleman well known as a breeder and importer of blood stock, will take charge of the stud of the late Mr. DUPLANTIER of that State. George Martin, who was kicked in the shoulder while in Havanna, and incapacitated from taking his work for a long time, is again in training with a prospect of entire success.

Memphis Races.—We see that LINN. COCH, the well known turfman, has leased the Central Course at Memphis, Tenn., for a term of years. He announces that he has "extended the course to an exact mile—it having been somewhat short—graded and widened it, and, aided by the peculiar character of the soil, made it one of the very best for ease to the horse and time in the South-west. It will be railed in on the inside, and closely picketed on the outside. He is now employed in erecting spacious, convenient, and comfortable stables, and a Stand for spectators, sufficiently large to accommodate all who may attend with a good view of every portion of the track. In short, he has done, and is doing all that his taste and experience in such matters can suggest, to make this track every way worthy the patronage of the public. To the citizens of Memphis and vicinity, he would most respectfully suggest the propriety of extending their aid and countenance to this enterprise. In it are embarked his best interests; and he is determined to give it a reputation and permanence which will secure such a patronage as must promote *their* interests also."

Pigeon Shooting at Brooklyn—Pursuant to announcement in the "Spirit," a meeting of the "Anglo-American Pigeon Shooting Club" was convened on Monday last, near the South Ferry. About thirty members of the Club were present. Seven gentlemen on a side first went in; they shot from a single trap, six birds each, at twenty-one yards rise. It is no more than justice to state that the birds were unusually small and wild. The following was the score:—

Milburn.....	1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Wilson.....	1 1 1 1 1 0—5
Appleyard.....	0 1 0 1 1 1—4	Healy.....	0 1 1 0 1 1—4
Andros.....	1 0 0 0 1 0—2	Simonson.....	0 1 0 1 1 1—4
Richardson.....	1 0 1 0 0 0—2	Freshwater.....	0 0 0 1 1 0—2
Thompson.....	1 0 1 0 0 0—2	Palmer.....	0 1 0 1 0 0—2
Anderson.....	0 0 0 0 1 0—1	Hartshorn.....	0 0 0 1 0 0—1
Prindle.....	0 0 1 0 0 0—1	Prindle.....	0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Several sweepstakes subsequently came off, in which the best shooting was made by Messrs Prindle, Moore, Gowe, Lawrence, Perry, and Thompson. Subsequently a large party of the members of the Club and their friends, dined with RUSSELL, a crack member of the N. Y Cricket Club, at his establishment in Adams-street. The day's sport went off with great eclat.

Canadian Produce Stakes.—We see with great pleasure, daily indications of the revival of a strong interest in the Sports of the Turf, among our Canadian friends. Within eighteen months several horses of much higher character, both on the score of blood and performance, have been imported into Canada from the United States, than have ever appeared on the Provincial Turf. GEORGE PARISH, Esq of Ogdensburgh, (on the St. Lawrence, in this State, opposite Prescott, in Canada), is an immense acquisition to the Canada Turf. He has a long string in training, in Shaw's hands, and would be a formidable competitor almost any where. Several gentlemen in Canada, of character and wealth like himself, have already imported the nucleus of a breeding and racing stud, and in a few years the Northern Campaign in the States will extend beyond the north bank of the river St. Lawrence. The last Toronto "Herald" announces the following annual stakes:—

Produce Stake, 1847.—The great St. Leger Stakes for 1847, of £25 each, £10 forfeit; with Fifty Sovereigns added by the Club; for Colts and Fillies dropped in Canada in 1844. Colts 7st. 11lbs.; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and three quarters. To be run on the First day of the Spring Meetings—the last Tuesday in June. To name and close with the Secretary of the Toronto Turf Club, on or before the First day of September, 1844.

G. Parish signs for two. W. H. Boulton for two. William Dickson, jun., for one. Walter H. Dickson, for one. D. E. Boulton for one. Joseph H. Daley. for one. G. Parish (for E. I.) for one.

Produce Stake, 1848.—The Great St. Leger Stakes for 1848, of £25 each £10 forfeit; with Fifty Sovereigns added by the Club; for Colts and Fillies dropped in Canada in 1845. Colts, 7st. 11lbs.; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and three quarters. To be run for on the First day of the Spring Meeting,—the last Tuesday in June. To name and close with the Secretary of the Toronto Turf Club, on or before the 30th December, 1844.

W. H. Boulton signs for two. G. Parish for two. William Dickson, jun., for one. Walter H. Dickson for two. D. E. Boulton for one. Frederick Tench for one. Joseph H. Daley for one. G. Parish (for E. I.) for one.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Goodwood Cup was won by Mr. Salvin's *Alice Hawthorn*, beating Prizefighter, The Era (2d and 3d), and seven others. The time was five minutes. The following statistics of the races for this splendid prize are furnished by "The Era:"—

Statistics of the Goodwood Cup—Thursday was the thirty-second anniversary contest for this magnificent prize, it having been first run for in 1812, on which occasion Mr. Cope carried off the plate with Snoestrings; there were eleven subscribers, and five horses started. The next year Mr. Biggs won with Camerton; and at the following meeting the Cup was awarded to Banquo, the property of Mr. Blake. In 1816, Lord Egremont won with Scarecrow, 1825 with Cricketer, and the following year with Stumps. Strange to say, the six succeeding prizes were carried off by three parties, each winning two years in succession; and the two latter winning with the same horse. The Duke of Richmond in 1827 with Linkboy, and in 1828 with Miss Craven. Mr. Delme Radcliffe in 1829 and 1830 with Fleur-de-lis; and Lord Chesterfield in 1831 and 1832 with Priam; his Lordship again won the plate two years in succession, in 1836 with Hornsea, and in 1837 with Carew. Mr. Ferguson also won at two successive meetings, and with the same horse, in 1838 and 1839 with Harkaway. In 1840 his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans had the prize awarded to his horse Beggarman, and this was the first and only time that ever a foreign nobleman bore off the Cup. In 1834 Lord Jersey won with Glencoe; 1835 Mr. Theobald with Rockingham; and in 1841 Mr. Johnstone with Charles the Twelfth, on which occasion there were fifty-one subscribers, fourteen horses starting. Among the jockies who have ridden the winner two successive years are G. Edwards, F. Boyce, and Connelly; Robinson has likewise ridden the winner at three meetings.

The Goodwood Races have now been established forty-two years, and, after many "ups and downs," have attained an eminence to which the records of the Turf do not furnish a parallel. The first meeting, in April, 1802, occupied three days, and produced sixteen races, the highest in value 100*l.*, and the aggregate something under 1000*l.* So little encouragement did they receive for some years that in 1810, then held in May, they had dwindled down to two days, and the sport to a couple of races and three walks over, amounting in the whole to little more than 200*l.* With the establishment of the Goodwood Stakes in 1843, the Drawing-room Stakes in 1827, the Goodwood Cup (won by Fleur-de-Lis) 1829, followed by the Molecomb, Lavant, Gratwicke, Racing, and other rich and important stakes, and of the immense advances made since 1828, most American Turfmen must be familiar; we may mention, however, as a contrast between the present and the earlier meetings, that the programme for the late meeting contained nearly forty races, embracing stakes for horses of every age and character, and for jockies, amateur and professional, from sixty-one pounds up to one hundred and eighty-two pounds! amounting, after a liberal allowance for forfeits, to about *one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars!* It is not alone in sport that such rapid strides have been made; at a lavish but judicious expenditure the course has been freed from its original defects, and, either for training or running, has been brought as near perfection as

the most fastidious trainer could desire. Above all, from this favored spot have issued most of the improvements that have recently been made in the "moral" administrations of racing concerns. It is here that the first blow was dealt at the wild and dishonest system of betting, that has of late years proved so inimical to racing in England, by the adoption of rules that, followed up zealously at many other respectable meetings, have—pity that it should be so—made Newmarket a sanctuary for those whose mal-practices should have excluded them from every race-course in the kingdom. We have taken this short retrospective glance for the purpose of showing what may be done by a liberal, energetic, and competent management. Lord Rosslyn, at Ascot, has followed in the same track with the most encouraging success. Liverpool, York, Warwick, and Doncaster have also been conspicuously forward in the work of reform; and at length, in the eleventh hour, following, instead of leading, the Jockey Club, from which all laws, all improvements, ought to have emanated, is beginning to evince a disposition to "go with the times," that, we trust will lead to the complete carrying out of the measures so successfully commenced at Goodwood.

"VATES," in "The Era," after giving, from this paper, a summary of the performances of Fashion, with her pedigree, characteristics, etc., adds—in allusion to her being yet fresh—that

It is a long time certainly to anticipate, but should the mare hold all right, she really ought to be sent hither for the Goodwood Cup of 1845, and have a shy at the Champion of England! for so she may indeed be termed—Alice Hawthorn. They will then both be aged mares, and Fashion will have to receive 16lb. of Alice, namely, a stone for being of American birth, and 2lb. for her opponent's winning the Goodwood Cup this year.

After a recapitulation of Fashion's performances, he remarks—

In spite of the 16lb. and this list of winnings, John Bull would be bold enough to "pile an agony" on his countrywoman's, or man's back. What a chance for Jonathan to skin them Britishers, and come the Joe Laird *cute*!

Sam Rogers, the jockey, during the Goodwood Races rode in no less than *twenty-one* races, being for the Duke of Richmond and Lord G. Bentinck, of which he won eight, ran one dead heat, and walked over one. This was a good week's work.

Notwithstanding the scandal of the Running Rein and Bloodstone cases, the Sports of the Turf in England never appeared to have brighter prospects, as will be gathered from the following statement in the (Old) London Sporting Magazine of August—the oldest magazine in the world:—

If anything remained to be proved as to whether our fine old English pastime was on the "rise or fall," we would *vauntingly* hand the list of Nominations for the Derby and Oaks of 1846, just now closed. There cannot be two opinions as to the cause of the "rise" in turf matters; for every one with the slightest degree of judgment in the "affair" must know that it is entirely owing to the extraordinary exertions used by Lord George Bentinck in routing the scoundrels who, for these few years past, have had the audacity to resort to the most disgraceful frauds and robberies to gain their villanous ends. We sincerely rejoice in their downfall, and hope in "another place" a jury will make a strong example of this band of nefarious rogues. To the Derby of 1846 there are the astounding number of *one hundred and ninety-six* names, being sixteen more than was ever before known. For the Oaks, too, the muster is *one hundred and forty*, a larger nomination than that of any other year by twenty-two! We rejoice to find many names *out* of the list, and more particularly to count over several noblemen and gentlemen of great influence, and heretofore but slightly known on the Turf. We indeed live now in *better* times!

The "Sunday Times" of the 4th instant, furnishes the information subjoined relative to the Bloodstone case:—

It will be in the recollection of our readers that at the last Ascot races Mr. Herbert's Bloodstone beat John Day's Old England. It was, however, alleged that Bloodstone was a three-year-old, and not what he ought to have been, according to the rules applicable to the race—a two-year-old. The Stewards, upon investigating the subject, decided against Bloodstone, and the

stakes were handed over to the owner of Old England. The consequence has been that Mr. Herbert has instituted an action for the recovery of the stakes, and the cause has been set down for trial to-morrow, at Guildford.

It appears that Mr. Herbert and his friends had expressed a readiness to produce Bloodstone to the defendant's witnesses. It seems, however, when the matter was to come off, that their courage failed. On Saturday last an order was made in chambers by Mr. Justice Maule, for an inspection of the colt by the defendant's witnesses, and Wednesday being the day appointed for that purpose, Mr. Day's solicitor, accompanied by eight of the defendant's witnesses, proceeded from town to Rockley, near Marlborough, to inspect the colt. Mr. Jones, the trainer, received them, acknowledging he had the colt in the stable, but said he had received orders from Mr. Herbert's solicitor the day before not to show the colt, and he therefore declined to do so.

We take the following "Latest State of the Odds" from "Bell's Life" of the 4th ult. :—

The Cure and Valerian were the great guns. Against the first 3,500 to 1,000 was laid by a sporting colonel to Hesselstine, with an agreement that the money shall be posted on Monday next at Tattersall's, either party failing, to forfeit £100, such failure, as we understood, to make the original bet void; the layer of the odds afterwards betted £100 that he shall be ready with the "rowdy." The magnitude of this operation created quite a sensation, and led to lots of chaffing.

ST. LEGER.

3 to 1 agst. The Cure (tk.)	12 to 1 agst. The Princess (tk.)
5 to 1 ——— Ithuriel.	12 to 1 ——— Foig a Baliagh (tk.)
6 to 1 ——— Bay Momus.	20 to 1 ——— Morpeth (no backers.)
10 to 1 ——— Valerian (tk.)	25 to 1 ——— The Ugly Buck (no backers.)
11 to 1 ——— Red Deer (tk.)	

DERBY.

9 to 2 agst. John Day's lot.	40 to 1 agst. Clear the Way (tk.)
13 to 1 ——— Cobweb colt.	40 to 1 ——— Rebecca colt (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Alarm (tk.)	40 to 1 ——— Weatherbit (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Pantasa (tk.)	50 to 1 ——— Black Prince (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Newsmonger.	50 to 1 ——— Connaught Ranger (tk.)
30 to 1 ——— Nutbourne (tk.)	
35 to 1 ——— Twig (tk.)	1000 even laid on the field agst.
49 to 1 ——— Somers (tk.)	J. Scott's, J. Day's, Col. Peel's, and Boyce's lots.

The Committee of the House of Commons on Gaming—the examination before which of several persons has been published in the "Spirit"—comprised the following gentlemen :—

Mr. Milner Gibson	Mr. Bickham Escott	Mr. Hawes
Mr. Lascelles	Mr. Vernon Smith*	Col. Peel
Viscount Palmerston	Mr. Cochrane	Capt. Berkeley
Mr. James Wortley	Mr. Hayter	Mr. Horace Seymour
Mr. Hume	Viscount Jocelyn	Mr. Manners Sutton

Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Hayter, Col. Peel, Capt. Berkeley, and Mr. Manners Sutton are, we believe, acquainted with racing affairs; but, in the name of common sense, what could Joseph Hume know of such matters? Feeling this, we presume, he retired, and Mr. Blake was substituted. But what was known of the Turf by the other gentlemen, of whom the sporting world never heard before? Lord George Bentinck or Thomas Duncombe would have been efficient committee-men, why were they not included, and others excluded?

The English papers generally—we are mortified to state—seem to take especial pains that the *time* of the crack races in this country shall not be known there. Half-a-dozen times have we seen 7:49 stated as the time of the fast heat between Eclipse and Henry (instead of 7:37) while the 1st heat of the match between Fashion and Boston (7:32½) is usually given as *about* 7:40!! In his "notices to correspondents" Vates remarks—

We cannot answer for the correctness of the American timing, but their miles are, or ought to be, 1760 English yards. There is nothing improbable as to Fashion and Blue Dick doing 4 miles in 7 min. 46½ sec.; Tranby, in the

Osbaldeston match against time, did 4 miles in 8 minutes, and we saw Sancho and Pavilion run the distance in 7 minutes and a half, when we were chickens.

Yes, you did—"in a horn!"

Mr. Tattersall, the head of the great establishment at Hyde Park Corner, London, in the course of his *first* examination before the Committee of the House of Lords, [as we find it reported in the "Sunday Times,"] states the following facts which will be read in this country with unusual interest. Will our contemporaries oblige us and their readers by transferring this statement to their own columns?

EXPORTATION OF BLOOD HORSES.

In the first report of the Committee of the House of Lords on the Laws of Gaming, just delivered, Mr. Tattersall states the following facts, in answer to the question—Are not the Germans most anxious to promote racing, believing that by so doing they will improve the breed of their horses? "Upwards of thirty years ago, when I first sent horses to Germany, to my friend Baron Biel, the great breeder, the man whose horses won all the races was Count Plession, of Ivenack. His blood was so valued that a stamp was put upon every horse bred by him, and they sold for a much higher price than any others, and won most of the races. I then sent Baron Biel over a few thorough-bred mares and a stallion. At first no one would buy his stock, so he was obliged to train them, and they won everything. They then discovered a thorough-bred English horse was better than a native German, and Baron Biel sold his produce at very large prices. After a time, other German noblemen sent to me for mares and horses at high prices, and of late years still higher. I sold of my own, The Colonel for 1,900*l.*; and Glaucus, last year, for 1,000*l.* I also sold (not my own) Grey Momus for 1,200 guineas; Taurus was sold for, I believe, 1,000*l.* and I am told Rockingham for 3,000 guineas. All these to noblemen who keep studs of their own. They are still buying. A friend of mine last year, bought horses and stallions to the value of 8,500*l.* Had not these distinguished themselves, they would not have fetched a third of it. In Germany they run for good stakes, or they could not afford to give such good prices. In America they run for larger sums than we do. This year a produce stakes came off of 1,000*l.* (not dollars), each, 220*l.* forfeit, thirty subscribers; I sent a mare over to a friend, her produce was second. The winner was by an English stallion. They have given very large sums of money for stallions that have won great races. I gave for Priam, to go to America, 3,600 guineas; and Mr. Batson refused, at my table, 5,000 guineas for Plenipotentiary, or 1,000*l.* a year as long as the horse lived, which he nobly refused—not for fear of the money, for I would have been answerable. At that time one firm in America owed me upwards of 8,000*l.* I paid for the same people more than 2,000*l.* for insurance of horses alone. Would they have done this unless the horse had distinguished himself? They were most noble buyers. My orders were almost unlimited. They trusted to me, and all the best race horses now in America, are by English horses. Whenever racing is done away with, there is an end to the noble animal, the manly sport, and to your humble servant. To every part of the known world, excepting China, I have sent horses, and always such as distinguish themselves fetch the highest prices. I sent three lately to Ibrahim Pacha, to Egypt, for the first time; they were stallions, and to improve the Arabian blood, which they will do very much. Many hundreds go to France every year, and the French dealers attend all our large fairs, and for well-bred horses give more than our own dealers; they have bought more the last two years and at higher prices than former years. A great many of our first-rate stallions are now covering in France, for which the French government gave very large prices; all distinguished horses. The foreigners will buy none but what have won large stakes, nor will they now buy mares unless winners of good stakes, and the more they have won, the higher price they give."

The "mare sent over to a friend," is Delphine, (the property of Col. W. HAMPTON, of S. C.,) the dam of Herald, who ran 2d for the great Peyton Stake at Nashville, last season. Mr. KIRKMAN's Peytona, by Imported Glencoe, was the winner. The offer for Plenipotentiary was made, we have reason to believe, by A. J. DAVIE, Esq., of N. C., now of Tenn. Capt. STOCKTON offered \$40,000 for Harkaway, and a company of Kentucky breeders offered a still

longer price for Touchstone! When Col. O'KELLY was asked by a Duke of BEDFORD the price of [English] Eclipse his reply was that "all Bedford Level could not buy him!" When the Marquis of WESTMINSTER was waited upon by some American gentlemen not long since, the spokesman inquired the price of Touchstone? to which his Lordship replied—the *American Dominions*.

The late Senator PORTER, of Louisiana, purchased Harkforward, brother to Harkaway, at six months old, for \$5,000, which price was also refused for his dam. Some of the best stallions which have been imported into this country were purchased at very moderate prices, however. Leviathan himself did not cost the late Mr. JACKSON a third part of the amount paid by others for some of "the terribly high bred cattle" which have proved almost worthless in the stud. The "one firm in America," referred to by Mr. Tattersall, is well known. But though they "trusted to him"—a confidence most worthily conferred and amply justified—it should not be understood that he selected all the horses the "one firm" imported.

"Harry Hieover," in the *Old Sporting Magazine* for July, relates the following anecdote of a Sporting Parson—a genus now nearly extinct in England:—

On one day in particular it happened that the Duke of Grafton, Master of the Hounds, and father to the present nobleman who bears that title, and then well stricken in years, found himself at covert side in a very strongly inclosed country, and, on the hounds finding, eagerly inquired for Parson Higham; but Johnny was ensconced behind some pollard or thick bush during the draw, and had broken covert after the fox before the Duke found him. However, information was given of his line, and the Duke's pad groom viewed him about two fields off, and after him as hard as they could race went his Grace and the groom-boy. They succeeded in getting into the same field with him, when Johnny caught sight of the pair, and determined, as he had the lead, to keep it. Now, in the ardor of the chase after the Parson, his Grace had taken no notice of the course they were steering; but it at length struck him that their pilot was unusually wide of the mark, and "Mr Higham! Mr. Higham!" vociferated the Duke, but to no purpose: Johnny was deaf and blind for a season, and his old mare was fleet of foot, and not to be caught by a very elderly gentleman or a groom upon a cob; but such faith had his Grace in the Parson's knowledge of the line the fox intended to take, that he kept on his way for some miles further, till it became clear that all chance of seeing the hounds again was utterly hopeless. Ever and anon the Parson was seen to take out his watch, and hold it up to view, and as often did his heels urge the old mare to increased exertion, till at length Johnny was pounded. A new gate had been put up at the corner of a well-known field, and a lock placed upon it, and the fence was impracticable; and whilst fitting one from his bunch of keys, which he always carried in his ample coat pockets, the Duke caught him, and thus in somewhat angry tones addressed him—"Where in the devil's name (for he was one impatient and full of ire was that old Duke), Mr. Higham, are you going to? We shall never see the hounds again to-day." "Indeed, indeed, your Grace," responded Johnny, "I don't expect we shall, for I'm going home to bury a corpse."

Qui Tam Action against Lord George Bentinck—The action brought on by Russell against Lord George Bentinck to recover penalties for bets won on racing, and to which Lord George gallantly bid defiance, from a conviction that no modern judge or jury would construe the act of Anne as applying to horse racing as "a game," comes on at Guildford during the coming week. The witnesses who are supposed to be able to prove the alleged bets, received their subpoenas at Goodwood on Thursday. It is expected to be a sporting affair.

Bell's Life, of 4th inst.

Sale of Blood Stock in Ireland.—A large draught of the Killishee stud, the property of Wm. Graydon, Esq., was brought to the hammer at Dycer's Repository, Stephen's Green, Dublin, on Monday last. Twenty lots were sold, among others those under for the prices affixed:—Black yearling colt by Touchstone, out of sister to Johanna by Sultan, out of Filagree, to Mr. Nunn, £145; Sister to Johanna, Mr. Nunn, £80; Bussorah, by Camel, £50; mare by Turcoman, dam by Tramp, Mr. Ward, £46; colt by Ishmael, out of Alba, 2 yrs., Mr. S. O'Grady, £35; colt by Ishmael, out of Sylph, 1 year, Mr. Watts, £30. Several of the brood mares were bought in at long prices.